

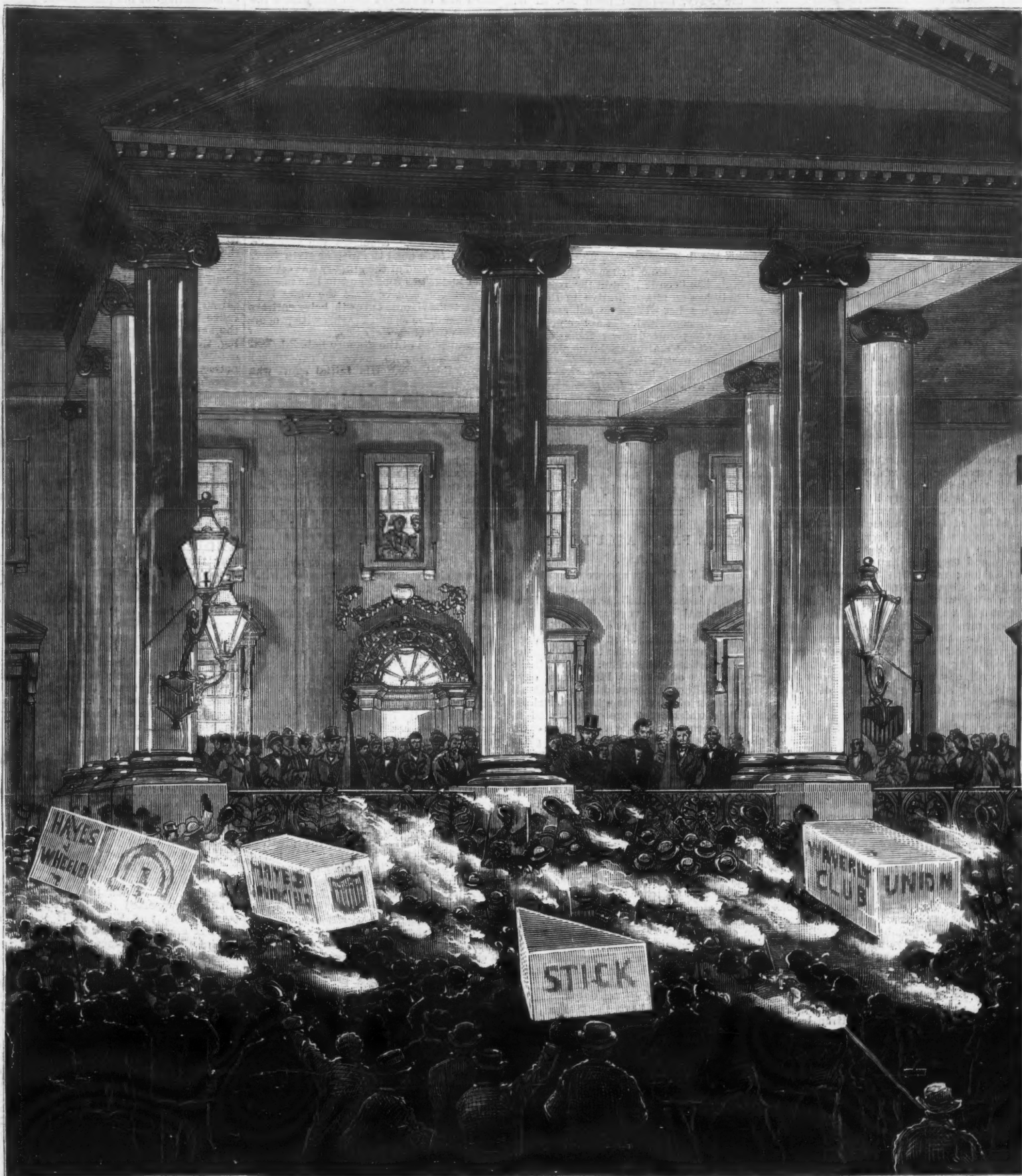
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES, MARCH 5TH—THE OVATION IN THE EVENING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, ALBERT BERGHAUS AND HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 37.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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THE NEW CABINET.

THERE was never any reason to doubt the intentions of General Hayes, after he responded to his nomination by his letter of acceptance, in the event of his election; but, if there had been any doubts, his inaugural ought to have removed them. It was clearly his purpose to attempt a reform of administration, and to adopt a new policy on the part of the Government in its dealings with the South. He had never been a fanatical Republican, and he could not be expected to entertain any partiality for the extremists of his own political associates; he was a man of irreproachable private character, and he could not be expected, therefore, to give any countenance to the prominent men on his own side whose political and personal traits had long been a reproach to their associates. He was a Western man, too, and his sympathies naturally tended towards the people of the region where he was born and educated. It was to be expected, therefore, that his Cabinet appointments would be of men whose surroundings and antecedents were of a character to coincide with his personal feelings. And such they certainly are.

There should have been no disappointment felt when the names of the new Cabinet officers were sent to the Senate, but the result proved that the disappointment was bitter, and the action of the leading Senators in refusing, contrary to all precedent, to confirm the nominees, showed that a feud had broken out between the President and his Republican friends which threatened a disruption of the party. Under the old order of administering public affairs, the composition of the Cabinet was a matter of very great importance, but under the new order of civil service reform, which it appears to be the intention of President Hayes to establish, it is of very little consequence who the men are that occupy the positions of chiefs of the departments so long as they are capable and honest. They will have no patronage to bestow upon anybody, and they will have no influence as politicians; and when the party leaders begin to discover the change that has been effected, there will be very little interest felt in the President's Cabinet.

The men selected by General Hayes for his Constitutional advisers are personally unobjectionable. They were evidently selected by himself without consultation with any prominent members of his party, and with the intention of giving every section of the country a share in the Government. In taking Mr. Evarts for Secretary of State he departed from a rule which has been unbroken during three-quarters of a century, and which had become a virtual law. It was the first time that a man has been nominated for the place who has not been a Senator. Mr. Evarts had not even been a member of Congress; but no one questions his fitness for the position, and it continues the claim of the Empire State for the first honors of the Cabinet. Mr. Seward held the place eight years, Mr. Fish for the same time, and if Mr. Evarts should continue in it until the end of the term, it will make twenty years of unbroken occupancy of the State Department by New Yorkers. Mr. Evarts was a member of the old Whig Party, and has always acted with the Republicans, but without being a violent partisan. Senator Sherman established his claim to the office of Secretary of the Treasury by his conduct as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate. He has been a thorough-going partisan, but his financial record has been somewhat clouded by his advocacy of the double metal standard; he is, however, an uncompromising advocate of specie resumption, and will do his best to bring about specie payments before the time appointed by law. The nomination of Carl Schurz for the Department of the Interior was the most distasteful of all to the leading Republicans of the Senate, for he has never acted in concert with the leaders of the party to which he belongs, and his defection in 1872, when Greeley was nominated, has never been forgiven nor forgotten. Besides, Mr. Schurz represents no section of the country; he

is a free trader of the ideal school, a bullionist, and a free thinker. But his nomination will gratify a large number of independent thinkers, and be gratefully acknowledged by the Germans. Mr. McCrary, of Iowa, the Secretary of War, is a very respectable person, a man of decided ability, and a thorough-going Republican. The Post Office has been given to David M. Key, of Tennessee, who was a colonel in the Confederate service, and the successor of Andrew Johnson in the Senate. The appointment of such a man means simply that President Hayes wishes to give the South an unmistakable proof of his earnest desire to render justice to that section of the country, and to heal the rankling wounds caused by the rebellion. In accepting the offer of a Cabinet appointment from a Republican President, Mr. Key must, as a matter of course, cut himself loose from his old party associates and become a Republican. The appointment of General Devens, of Massachusetts, to the Attorney-Generalship, appears to give universal satisfaction in New England; but the one position given to conciliate any of the leading members of the Republican Party was that of the Navy, bestowed upon Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Indiana, the friend and advocate of Senator Morton. Mr. Thompson is an old politician of the Clay school of Whigs, who has never varied in his course. He is the oldest man in the Cabinet, and he brings to the aid of the Government the traditions of the best period in the history of the Government. He is a lawyer by profession, a native of Virginia, a scholar and an orator, and he can scarcely fail to be a power in the Government. Senator Conkling has been altogether overlooked by the President, who does not appear to have consulted his wishes in any of his appointments, and consequently he feels badly, and has shown his ill-humor from the start. Senator Blaine received more attention, and to gratify him the office of Secretary of the Navy was offered to Mr. Hale, of Maine, but declined.

For the first time in many years Pennsylvania has been left out in the cold; she not only has no representative in the new Cabinet, but her wishes do not appear to have been consulted. The Pacific Slope has not yet received any recognition, and Illinois, whose statesmen have played so important a part in our politics for the past twenty-five years, has no voice now in the direction of affairs. Ohio is, for the present, the keystone State; she has the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, the General and the Lieutenant-General of the Army, the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, and one of the other Justices. It is the culmination of her glory; but there will be a new deal four years hence, and honors will be more equally divided.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BLUE GLASS.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we presented to our readers some reflections on the alleged influence of the blue ray of sunlight upon animal and vegetable life. The article was written by one of the leading scientists of this city, and its conclusions were diametrically hostile to the claims of the "Blue Glass" theorists. To admit the propositions of General Pleasanton, says the scientific writer, would be to reject all the theories of gravitation, heat, electricity and light which are at present accepted as all-sufficient by the scientific world. On the other hand, the virtues of blue glass seem to be maintained by a constituency which, if not professedly scientific, is respectable in numbers and undoubtedly sincere in all its assertions on the subject. Besides General Pleasanton's narrative of his own experience in the new treatment, we have the testimony of a large number of persons of good social standing and unquestioned veracity, all of whom concur in attributing to the blue ray remarkable healing and restorative qualities, based not upon hearsay evidence, but upon their own individual experience. The controversy, therefore, presents a curious aspect. On the one hand we have the scientific world, or a representative portion of it, denying that certain things can be possible, while on the contrary we have a large concourse of credible witnesses who declare positively that such things not only are possible, but that they have themselves seen and experienced them. As we have given space to the scientific view of the subject, let us examine briefly, and without prejudice, *pro* or *con*, the facts on the other side. The mass of cumulative testimony is growing daily more voluminous. It will suffice, however, for our purpose to ascertain what General Pleasanton himself claims to have done and to have witnessed personally through its instrumentality. His testimony is embodied in a recently published book, in which are recorded his own experiments and those of other persons, conducted between the years 1861 and 1876. By way of practical illustration of his doctrine, we presume, the volume before us

is not only bound in blue, but it is printed on blue paper. Besides this volume, the author has, since its publication, written two long letters on the subject, which have been widely circulated in the newspapers.

The gentleman who has created such an excitement is General Augustus J. Pleasanton, of Philadelphia, a brother of the distinguished cavalry officer of the same name. General Pleasanton is a West Pointer, but resigned from the regular army prior to the war, during which he served in the organizing of militia in his own State. He is a prominent lawyer, and a gentleman of wealth, culture and refinement. Owning a farm outside of Philadelphia, he began in 1860 to experiment upon his theory respecting the effects of the sun's rays upon plants and animals. Experiments made in Europe had already demonstrated that the blue or violet rays of the sun's light excelled the others in chemical power, and developed a greater amount of heat. General Pleasanton undertook to prosecute similar experiments to the extent of obtaining some practical results. He built a large graperly covered with glass, every eighth row of which was blue, the effect of which was to subject each leaf within the building to a blue ray some time during each day. In April, 1861, he set out several varieties of grape-vines in this structure, the cuttings being all one year old, about the thickness of pipe-stems, and cut close to the ground. The plants soon began to show a most vigorous growth, and in a few weeks the graperly was filled with vines and foliage. By September the vines were forty-five feet long, and at a foot from the ground were an inch in diameter! It was predicted that owing to this unusual growth they would not bear fruit. In the following year, however, they bore over 1,200 pounds of luscious grapes of unusual size. The clusters were of extraordinary magnitude. How remarkable this result is will be appreciated when it is remembered that in grape-growing countries the vines do not bear fruit until the fifth or sixth year. In 1863 the yield of the graperly was estimated at about two tons; and in like manner for nine consecutive years the vines kept up the same vigorous growth, being entirely free from disease, and bearing with proportionate profusion.

The success of the graperly induced General Pleasanton to make an experiment with animal life. His initial effort was with a litter of pigs, which he placed in a pen lighted with blue and white glass inserted in equal proportions in the roof and on three sides. The litter gained wonderfully in weight, size and strength, and at the end of a few months were found to weigh more than a similar litter raised in the usual way. Subsequent experiments with cattle resulted in maturing their faculties as well as stimulating their growth to such a remarkable degree, that a single year brought them to the standard for which four or five years have otherwise been considered indispensable. "These," says General Pleasanton, "are the experiments about which curiosity has been excited."

Accepting these results as correctly stated, we are not surprised at the further deductions which he makes. If by the combination of sunlight and blue light from the sky we can mature a quadruped in twelve months with no greater supply of food than would be used for an immature animal in the same period, we can scarcely estimate the value of the discovery to our agricultural people. In regard to the human family, also, its influence would be widespread. "We could not only in the temperate regions produce the early maturity of the tropics, but we could invigorate the constitutions of invalids, and develop in the young a generation which physically and intellectually might become a marvel to mankind. Architects would be required to so arrange the introduction of these mixed rays of light into our houses that the occupants might derive the greatest benefit from their influences. Mankind would then not only be able to live fast, but to live well and long."

We have recited in brief a few of a long list of facts which General Pleasanton asserts as having come within the range of his own personal observation. It would be impracticable in this place to give even a compendium of the further testimony he adduces. The late Commodore Goldsborough found the blue rays remarkably propitious for the growth of chickens, and also, in one instance at least, for imparting strength to a puny, prematurely born baby. A lady had been for years a terrible sufferer from neuralgia, rheumatism and nervous disorders. Three minutes exposure to the associated rays of blue and white light afforded her relief, and three weeks' treatment effected her total cure. Two elderly military friends of the General were cured, in a similarly short period, of afflicting rheumatic disorders. A lady who had lost her hair through illness was rejoiced to regain a profusion of locks after a brief trial of the blue-glass cure. Ladies, babies, invalids and aged sufferers all concur in testifying to the benefits they have derived from exposure

to blue light mingled with the rays passing through common glass. It is important furthermore to note that, almost without exception, the name of these persons and their addresses are given by General Pleasanton, so that there can be no doubt as to their authenticity. Many of them are well known in the social world, and all of them are obviously sincere in their statements. Such testimony is entitled to our profoundest consideration. We have purposely avoided referring to the scientific grounds upon which General Pleasanton accounts for the phenomena he has been instrumental in bringing to light. They may or may not be erroneous. For our own part, as laymen, we have no opinion to proffer on the subject. There is little reason to doubt that the qualities of light, as well as those of electricity and magnetism, are at most but imperfectly known, and the best trained minds of the age are prepared to recognize the existence of other forces in nature than have as yet been made apparent to our consciousness. If General Pleasanton is right, then the science of to-day is considerably off the track unless it finds some consistent means of accounting for his phenomena. Possibly this will be the result. At all events, the testimony in support of his proposition is apparently assuming dimensions which can defy the attacks of simple ridicule or sarcasm. These facts must be either controverted, or they must be accepted with the best grace that can be assumed for the purpose.

CHARITY COMPLICATIONS.

SOME of our principal New York charities have lately been getting a pretty severe overhauling at the hands of the daily newspapers—this one for apparent mismanagement of funds on the part of its managers; that one for cruelty shown to its orphan inmates; and still another for the alleged unchristian character of its superintendent. The journals that have been "exposing" these things have, we fear, been actuated by a fondness for sensation quite as much as by a love of innocence and virtue; but the good result is the same. The press is now so enterprising, that it ferrets out every piece of rascality or carelessness that comes to its notice. The unthinking part of the public, therefore, concludes that wickedness is greatly on the increase, and that, as Professor Lowell says, "crime goes scot-free while the mob applaud." But the only difference between our own time and that of our ancestors is, that now evils are uncovered which were once concealed. Nine times out of ten a wrong made known is half righted; and this is specially true in the case of public charities and benevolent organizations. To rob the widow and the fatherless, to maltreat the unprotected, or to swindle the poor—what more despicable sin is there in the calendar? We have no fear that any charity will ever long lie under any undeserved cloud, and we, therefore, hope the industrious reporters of the daily press will hunt out all the mismanagement they can. An innocent organization should court the freest inquiry; a guilty one should receive it whether or no.

Generally speaking, money bestowed upon individual recipients is spent less advantageously than that which goes through the hands of an organized society. A person sees a miserable beggar on the street and gives him a coin, either from pure benevolence or for the reflex pleasure that any kind act bestows upon the doer. He does not, as a rule, stop to find out whether the recipient is a humbug or not, nor does he see that his gift is well used. Therefore, while thinking to do a good act, he may be bringing a great evil on society. The alarming increase of the tramp element during the past three years is very largely due to hasty benevolence. When charitable societies are mismanaged the evil is increased. St. John's Guild, for instance, has wholly or partially supported no less than 30,000 persons this past Winter. If it has, as Dr. Dix asserts, fostered idleness thereby, its interior management should be submitted to thorough scrutiny, for idleness is the parent of crime. It is not fair, at the present time, to express an unfavorable judgment of a Guild that has done so much good in a great city. The nature of its work and the character of its master have both been called in question, but the public should studiously avoid prejudice for or against the guild, or its superintendent until the facts are all in, and some competent tribunal has pronounced upon them.

Throughout the country the general attention to hospitals and asylums and relief societies has much increased of late. Several of the States now have boards of charities, to whom the duty of general supervision is assigned. Social science associations are doing much good by their careful collection of statistics concerning pauperism, crime and disease. Benevo-

lence itself should be brought under the same law and order that we apply to everything else concerning the public welfare. It would be a sorry thing for the United States if it should get the reputation of being a sort of new Italy, where pauperism is encouraged by a rich and thrifty, instead of a poor and idle, people. New York has quarters which remind one of Naples, and the beggars are all colonized and officered. The police force is scarcely more the creature of system than the metropolitan body of mendicants. If even the criminal and unfortunate act under a rule, there should be at least as much system among those who aim to relieve and better them.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

AMONG the better tendencies fostered by growing civilization, none are more significant than the increasing humanity with which man regards the brute creation. For the concrete manifestations of this disposition we, in our latitude and generation, are largely indebted to the strenuous efforts of one public-spirited humanitarian, Mr. Henry Bergh, who, backed by his admirable Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has effected a complete revolution in behalf of our dumb survivors to whose claims for consideration mankind was for many ages totally and culpably indifferent. The eleventh annual report of that Society has just been published, and it is gratifying to observe that the record of increasing years shows a corresponding development of usefulness and efficiency. In glancing over the figures of the report, we are compelled to acquiesce in the proud claim of its President, that among the glorious achievements of our people, as manifested by the late Centennial, not one bore stronger testimony to the nation's progress in civilization than the exhibition made by this Society "in the wonderful development of the humanities of life, as applicable to that vast portion of animated creation, which, while they can suffer and die, cannot orally make known to us their countless wrongs."

During the year 1876 the Society prosecuted 1,005 cases of cruelty to animals, all of the most outrageous character of wanton and heartless cruelty. This was considerably in excess of the largest number of similar prosecutions in any single year of the Society's existence; and brings the grand total since 1866 up to 5,024. Of these prosecutions in 1876, two hundred and ninety-nine were for working horses with improperly fitting harness, five for shooting pigeons, and sixty-six for dog and cock-fighting. During the same period, the report informs us, the agents of the Society in the cities of New York and Brooklyn alone prevented the perpetration of cruelty and abuse of animals on the streets upon 2,010 occasions. With such a record of usefulness it is further gratifying to see that the scope of the Society's efforts is constantly expanding, and that no fewer than forty kindred Societies are in existence on this continent, employing its emblem as their official seal. The good achieved by the Society is not confined to the brute animals by whose sufferings it is challenged, but is reflected upon the better nature from which it derives its inspiration. Thoughtless men may scoff as they will at the efforts of a few earnest humanitarians for the amelioration of needless suffering, but each successive generation will bear witness to the fruits of their generous enthusiasm, in the development of a higher order of manhood, marked by a nobler regard for the welfare of all God's creatures.

BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.

NOW that the prolonged agony of the Presidential contest is ended, there is every prospect of a general revival of Spring trade. The centennial year of the United States was marked by the most excited political contest that the country has ever seen, and the nation may be congratulated upon having emerged from it not only without the stain of civil war, but with its finances in good condition and its trade and commerce on the high road to wealth. There is not another people on the face of the globe that could have passed through this fire unscathed, and the result may justly be taken as a good omen for the future.

As the curtain now lifts, and we look about us to see how we stand, the prospect is most encouraging. We are already close upon the great desideratum of commerce—the actual resumption of specie payments. Gold has reached a lower point than at any time since our fractional paper currency was first put on the market. Silver has quietly taken its place as the medium for small change, without any disturbance to existing values. Our Government securities command high premiums and low rates of interest, and at the same time stand firm at home and abroad. Even the counting-in of a Republican Presidential candidate has

caused no disturbance to stocks, and there has not been the slightest symptom of anything like a financial panic. It is evident that the misgivings of business men have been set at rest. In the belief that the policy of the new Administration will be conservative, that no step backward will be taken in the matter of resuming specie payments, that the business affairs of the country will not be retarded by political complications, our bankers, merchants, manufacturers and capitalists are practically unanimous in looking for a general revival of trade. To have reached this declaration of opinion is a great point gained. The hard times superinduced by the panic of 1873 have been prolonged by a general want of faith in the country's powers of recuperation. Men have talked so gloomily to one another, that even the boldest of operators have not had heart to embark in any new enterprises. It has needed but the good strong words of encouragement that men are now speaking to one another in order to change the dull outlook and set the wheels of activity again in motion.

Looking now at the present condition of business affairs in detail, we find that the balance of trade is heavily in our favor. Our exports to foreign countries are large and steadily increasing. Not only are we now sending provisions abroad, but considerable quantities of our manufactures, thus competing successfully with the labor market of Europe. While such staples as grain, cotton and tobacco continue to be called for in large quantities, shippers of such articles as cheese and butter are amazed at the demand from foreign ports. Meanwhile the volume of imports is decreasing. Our people are discovering that American cloths, prints, carpets, silks, and other articles of domestic make, are quite as elegant and durable as any that Europe can furnish. Previous to the panic our manufacturing centres had been multiplying production without regard to demand, and had accumulated an immense surplus stock of goods. This has been greatly diminished during the past three years, many factories and mills having been closed for long intervals. People, meanwhile, have economized at home. Now the demand is again growing, and the faces of manufacturers are brightening at the prospect. Already, at the first signs of a restoration of commercial confidence, furnaces, foundries and mills announce that they are reopening, or preparing to run on full time, and the consumption of goods of every description will be perceptibly increased. This will bring capital to the front, looking for investment. There has been no dearth of money recently, but it has been extremely cautious. Men have preferred to let their thousands lie idle rather than invest them where they might readily be jeopardized. Now they will seek to multiply their means by its judicious employment in the support of new industries, in the erection of new buildings, in pushing new railway extensions, and in other enterprises necessitating the use of large bodies of laborers. By this means the retailer will be made to feel the benefit of an increased and widespread circulation of money, and the country will realize how much of its prosperity consists in having everybody at work, and in the rapid passage of small sums of money from hand to hand—for the wealth of a nation does not consist in its accumulations of capital, but in the active employment of the means its trade can command.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WORK IN HARD TIMES.—One of the compensations accompanying the hard times is discovered in the fact that the attention of many mechanics and skilled artisans, tired of the dullness of the times, has been turned to producing food for the market, and the sales of small farms in New England, more especially in Massachusetts, has been greater than for the past five years. There is plenty of land, and room for more, and it is astonishing the quantity which can be produced from a half-acre of land.

JUDGE DAVIS'S VACANCY.—The President has decided not to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Bench at present. Among the names which have been pressed upon him are those of Circuit Judges Dillon and Drummond, and Caldwell, of Arkansas; Scott, of West Virginia; Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, and ex-Secretary Bristow. He delays filling the appointment after a consultation with the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General, and will not select ex-Secretary Bristow, owing to assurances that he would not be confirmed by the Senate.

AN ELECTORAL REMEDY.—The *Nation* for March 1st, in considering the question of providing against future electoral disputes, says "that any practical remedy must restrict the area in which possible fraud can be carried out, and limit its effect to the general result." It then goes on to declare that "the best embodiment of this is undoubtedly to be found in the plan suggested by Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., in the *North American Review*, viz.: the election of electors by Congressional districts." This is unquestionably the best plan for the settlement of the question, but the credit for its suggestion belongs not to Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., but to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which advocated

it at length in an editorial in the issue for November 26th, 1876. Mr. Dana's article was written late in December, and he certainly would not be willing that the *Nation* should assign him an undeserved honor.

LOUISIANA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.—The conduct of the Administration with reference to the rival claimants in these two States is eagerly watched by the country as a probable indication of its general policy. It is understood that the Nicholls Government in Louisiana has been instructed to postpone the election of a United States Senator until the new Cabinet shall have had time to shape a policy for that unfortunate State. A delegation of colored South Carolinians waited on President Hayes on March 9th, and were informed that it was his intention to examine the condition of affairs deliberately before he acted. The use of military force, however, in civil affairs he regarded as repugnant to the genius of American institutions.

MAIL CONTRACTS.—On the evening of March 9th the business of letting the Spring mail contracts throughout the United States was closed at the Post Office Department. Some idea of this work may be formed as follows: Maine has 221 routes, and 2,800 bids; New Hampshire, 111 routes and 1,400 bids; Vermont, 120 routes and 1,700 bids; Massachusetts, 104 routes and 1,250 bids; Rhode Island, 23 routes and 300 bids; Connecticut, 63 routes and 1,000 bids; New York, 483 routes and 6,500 bids; New Jersey, 1,000 routes and 1,200 bids; Delaware, 22 routes and 300 bids; Pennsylvania, 648 routes and 9,000 bids; Maryland, 133 routes and 2,000 bids; Virginia, 353 routes and 6,000 bids; West Virginia, 205 routes and 3,700 bids. The total number of routes is 2,622, and of bids over 37,000, being nearly 7,000 bids over the number last year.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.—It is a remarkable and creditable fact that with the incoming of a new Administration, having control of from forty thousand to fifty thousand public offices, the number of persons who have gone to Washington seeking Government employment is actually less than that of those who went there in December, 1875, to compete for the hundred or two appointments to be made by the House of Representatives. The number of office-seekers in Washington at the present time is smaller than has congregated there at the beginning of a new Administration at any time within the memory of the oldest politicians. This remark does not, of course, apply to the beginning of General Grant's second Administration in 1873, nor to the reinauguration of Mr. Lincoln in 1865. On neither of these occasions was there a change in the Administration. The changes of public officers at present will not be numerous, and the appointments that are made will simply be to fill vacancies or to improve the public service at points where it is manifestly weak or incompetent. A majority of the office-seekers who went to Washington last week quickly discovered what the policy of the Administration is to be in this regard, and many of them hastened home without delay.

THE ASHTABULA DISASTER.—On Thursday, March 8th, the coroner's jury in this case rendered a verdict that the fall of the bridge was the result of faults in its design and erection; the company used the bridge for eleven years, when an inspection by competent engineers would have condemned it, and for the neglect of which the railway company is to blame; that the responsibility of the fearful disaster and its consequent loss of life rests upon the railroad company, which, by its executive officer, planned and erected the bridge; that the cars were not heated by extinguishable stoves, as is required by law; that the responsibility for not putting out the fire rests with those first at the wreck, for a failure to use the apparatus in the pump-house with the hose of the Lake Erie Fire Company, which was near at hand; that the steamers and protective fire companies' apparatus were hauled nearly a mile through a blinding deep snow, but were too late to save life, but nothing should have prevented the chief engineer from making all possible efforts to extinguish what fire remained, and for which he is censured. The jury find that the persons deceased came to their death by a precipitation of the cars in which they were thrown into the chasm in the valley of the Ashtabula Creek, for all of which the railroad company is responsible.

THE VIEWS OF THE PEOPLE.—In the question whether the President or the Senate shall have the power of making nominations for executive appointments, the country at large sides unanimously against the claim of the Senate. During two days of last week between three hundred and four hundred telegrams were received at the White House from all parts of the country congratulating the President on his Cabinet nominations, and bidding him stand firm. The desire expressed that the President shall remain firm seems to be quite unnecessary, however, as he is reputed to have an amount of quiet obstinacy, when he has once taken a position that he believes to be right, that will astonish those who imagine that a sudden storm can cause him to waver. The real point of the controversy with the Senate should not be for a moment lost sight of. The Senate has controlled the appointments of the Government for forty years. They have, in fact, made several of the nominations, having them sent in through the President to comply with the forms of law, and have generally rejected incontinently all nominations not so made, as for example, the nomination of Mr. Dana, of Massachusetts, and Judge Hoar, of the same State. The question in its broad sense is whether the Senate is also the Executive; and, in its most restricted meaning, whether the President is Mr. Hayes or Mr. James G. Blaine.

A NEW FISHING-GROUND.—During the Summer of 1876 Professor Hind, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, visited the coast of Northern Labrador, and on his return drew up a report on the fishing-grounds of that region for our Government. So much importance is attached to his explorations, that the Gov-

ernment has engaged his services for next Summer, when he will make a more extended examination of this new region, which promises to yield a rich sea harvest. From a table inserted in his report, the Professor shows that the area of the Northern Labrador fishing-grounds alone, exclusive of the Banks, amounts to about five-sixths of the entire area of the British and French boat-fishery on the coast of Newfoundland, being five thousand two hundred square miles, the total area of the Newfoundland boat-fishery being six thousand two hundred and four square miles. In addition to this, the Professor showed that, outside the islands, there are numerous banks and shoals which form the great Spring and Summer feeding-grounds of the cod. The area of this immense range of banks cannot be even approximately stated. There can be little doubt that here will be the great fishing-grounds of the future. For some years the shore-fishery on these coasts has been declining, and even the great bank of Newfoundland is not what it was in former years. The Arctic ice which spreads around the Labrador coast never fails to bring a perennial supply of food to the cod, so that the fish can never be starved out, as in other regions.

THE SILVER QUESTION.—The majority report of the Silver Commission was signed by Messrs. Bland, Groesbeck, Jones, Boggy and Willard. The minority were Messrs. Boutwell and Gibson, and Professor Bowen. The majority report maintains that the recent fall in the price of silver was not due to excessive production, as commonly supposed, but to the demonetization of silver by Germany, the United States and other countries, the diminution in the Asiatic demand for it, and the spread of exaggerated reports as to the yield of the Nevada mines; attributes to this demonetization the prevailing business depression all over the civilized world; denounces gold as a poor and variable standard, the supply of which is diminishing; and recommends the free coinage of both metals as legal-tender to any amount. The majority likewise allege that we cannot resume specie payments in gold alone, because there is not gold enough available for the purpose, and they recommend the use of silver also. The minority report that the double standard, even if adopted, could not be maintained, inasmuch as the laws of trade, which govern the value of gold and silver like other commodities, would prevent it, and that it never has been maintained; and show easily, by a simple reference to the market quotations of bullion, that if we made silver a legal-tender side by side with gold, the gold would at once be exported, and we should be left to trade on silver alone, which, "demonetized and discarded" in other countries, would flow in on us from every quarter to play the part of a depreciated currency.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The Presidents of the various trunk lines of railways had a conference in New York City in reference to freight rates.

JOHN D. LEE, Mormon leader of the Mountain Meadow massacre in 1857, was again sentenced to death at Salt Lake City.

A PANIC occurred at St. Francis Xavier's (R. C.) Church, New York, on the evening of the 8th, during which six women and a boy were killed.

CONGRESSMAN HEWITT resigned the Chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee, and Congressman Barnum, of Connecticut, was elected in his stead.

THE Waltham Building, Nos. 1, 3 and 5 Bond Street, New York, occupied by large jewelry and silver-smith firms, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 6th. Loss estimated at \$1,661,000, including salvage.

DURING the past week gold fluctuated in price in New York as follows: Monday, 104½ @ 106; Tuesday, 104½ @ 105; Wednesday, 105½ @ 105½; Thursday, 105½ @ 105; Friday, 105½ @ 105½; Saturday, 104½ @ 105.

HENRY H. PRERSON, of Albany, was appointed receiver for the North America, the New York State, the Widows' and Orphans', the Reserve Mutual, and the Guardian Mutual Life Insurance Companies, on the 9th, upon an application of the New York State Commissioner of Insurance, by the Attorney-General.

THE failure was announced of John Q. Hoyt, of New York, who stood at the head of a combination of railroad companies, with liabilities amounting to \$1,730,826, and assets worth \$225,000. Andrew McKinney also failed, with liabilities of \$1,970,000, of which \$1,700,000 was shared jointly with Mr. Hoyt.

A SPECIAL session of the United States Senate was convened on Monday, March 5th, when Vice-President Wheeler assumed the chair. Senator elect Lamar, of Mississippi, was admitted on Tuesday. On Wednesday the Cabinet nominations were received, and referred to committees, and the cases of Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana, and Messrs. Corbin and Butler, of South Carolina, claimants of seats in the Senate, were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The nomination of Senator Sherman as Secretary of the Treasury was confirmed on Thursday. Messrs. Morgan, of Alabama, and Grover, of Oregon, were admitted. The case of Mr. Eustis, who contested the Louisiana seat with Mr. Pinchback last year, was brought up. On Friday the standing and special committees were announced, the claim of Mr. Eustis was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections; and Senator Grover's demand for an investigation of charges against him was sent to the same body. All the Cabinet nominations were approved by the committees excepting Mr. Evans. On Saturday the Senate confirmed all the nominations.

Foreign.

M. SIMON proclaimed his intention of prosecuting rigorously all Bonapartist agitators. The Count de Chambord reiterated his claims on the French throne.

THE Ambassadors of the Protecting Powers met in Paris to deliberate on a collective note on the situation. Montenegro demanded the port of Spizza and other territory from Turkey as a condition of peace, to which the Porte objected. Russia declined to grant Turkey any time for probation, and intimated that she will regard the Treaty of Paris as annulled unless the Powers coerce Turkey. Meanwhile the Porte and the Montenegrin delegates have been unable to construct a protocol, and the former accuses Russia of instigating insurrection in Bosnia.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA PRESIDING AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



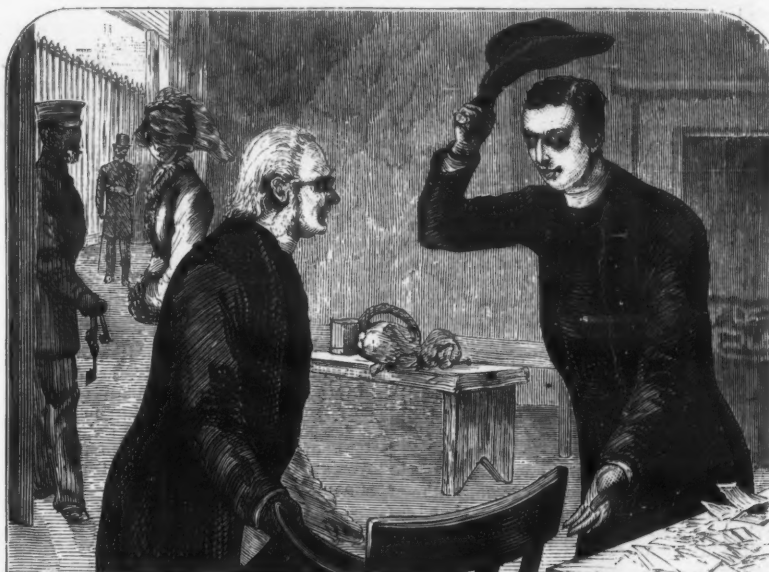
TURKEY.—FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BAJAZID MOSQUE, IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



TURKEY.—EUROPEANS STARTING FOR A MINISTERIAL BALL IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



BULGARIA.—THE ARCHIMANDRITE INAUGURATING THE CHARITY FUND BUILDINGS AT VENIS-KENI.



ENGLAND.—THE REV. ARTHUR TOOTH IMPRISONED IN JAIL FOR RITUALISM.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA PASSING THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK, ON HER WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.



ENGLAND.—LORD BEACONSFIELD TAKING THE OATH OF INDUCTION TO THE PEERAGE.

NATIONAL REFORM.

MASS MEETING IN WALL STREET OF LEADING MEN IN SUPPORT OF PRESIDENT HAYES'S POLICY.

WHILE the politicians in Washington are struggling among themselves for the control of President Hayes's policy, the business community throughout the country, irrespective of party, is loud in its expression of satisfaction with the course the new Administration has indicated as its line of action. In this city, on Thursday, March 8th, in response to a call made by a number of prominent bankers and merchants, and attracted by a placard posted on the Treasury Building, bearing the inscription, "Stand by the President! Meeting at one o'clock," a crowd of several thousand persons assembled on the corner of Wall and Broad Streets shortly after the hour mentioned. The Treasury steps were thickly packed, and so was the sidewalk in front and the street nearly to the opposite side, only a small lane being left for the passage of vehicles. All the adjacent corners were likewise rendered impassable, and the windows of the neighboring houses were filled with attentive auditors. Nearly every business man of prominence, not only in the "Street," but from the remotest portions of "down-town," was present. Among the number were: John A. Sherman, Solon Humphreys, Gustav Schwab, James Roosevelt, John A. Stewart, Samuel R. Ruggles, E. P. Fabbri, John Austin Stevens, J. D. Vermilye, William A. Booth, and numerous others of the same class. Mr. Stevens read the call, and nominated William A. Booth for Chairman and George T. Hope for Secretary. The nominations were carried with a ringing "ay" that testified to the heartiness of feeling of the meeting. The following list of Vice-Presidents was then read, and also approved unanimously: James W. Beekman, Howard Potter, Samuel B. Ruggles, S. D. Babcock, Benjamin B. Sherman, George S. Coe, Erasmus C. Benedict, James M. Cross, Ethan Allen, John A. Stewart and Solon Humphreys.

The following resolutions were adopted by acclamation after several speeches by representative gentlemen:

Resolved, That both parties, by their Senators and Representatives, agreed to abide by the decision of the Electoral Commission, and so to protect the peace and welfare of the country.

Resolved, That both parties are honorably bound to recognize the constitutional authority of the President.

Resolved, That the policy declared in his inaugural in favor of the permanent pacification of the South, with equal protection to all citizens, of a thorough reform in the civil service, and of an early return to specie payments, commands itself to the country as one entitled to the fairest trial.

Resolved, That we stand by the President in the exercise of his constitutional rights, and that we shall regret any hesitation to confirm the Cabinet, including our honored townsman, William M. Evarts, or any disposition to embarrass or obstruct the President's policy of conciliation and reform, as tending to interrupt and postpone the restoration of national confidence so happily begun and so essential to the prosperity of all sections and of all classes.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES AND VICE-PRESIDENT WHEELER.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, President-elect of the United States, and William A. Wheeler, Vice-President-elect, were formally inaugurated at the Capitol, on Monday, March 5th, in the presence of a large number of foreign representatives, national, State and civic officers, detachments of the army, navy and State militia, the members of both branches of Congress, and citizens. A brief description of the ceremony was published in our last issue.

Pennsylvania Avenue was decorated during Sunday night from the Treasury Department to the Capitol gate, principally by stretching lines across the street, upon each of which were numerous flags, streamers and Chinese lanterns. Many of the buildings on the avenue also displayed bright-colored bunting. The effect, looking along it from one end, was an exceedingly fine one, although the decorations at no point were very profuse except at the Pension Office, on the corner of Twelfth Street. At several places along the avenue temporary stagings had been erected to accommodate persons desiring to see the procession pass, and arrangements were made by which nearly every window looking out upon this great thoroughfare could be utilized for the same purpose.

In forming the procession for the start, the several military and other organizations were deployed in the streets intersecting Pennsylvania Avenue above Seventeenth Street. The section formed and the procession started promptly at 10:45 o'clock, each division wheeling into line at its appointed place. The following order was observed:

General W. D. Whipple, Grand Marshal.
Adjutant-General and Aids to the Grand Marshal.
First Division.
Brevet Major-General W. H. French, commanding.
Band of the 2d United States Artillery.
Battalion of United States Artillery.
1st, 2d, and 3d Regiments.
Second Division.
Brevet Lieut. Colonel Charles Haywood, commanding.
Band.
Battalion of United States Marines.
Third Division.
Colonel Robert I. Fleming, commanding.
Band.
Washington Light Infantry Corps.
Band.
State Fencibles.
Band.
Weccaco Legion.
Washington Light Guard.
Washington Artillery.
First Battalion, District of Columbia (colored).
Columbus Cadets.

President-elect Hayes, accompanied by General

Garfield, and Commissioners Dennison and Phelps, of the District, arrived at the White House shortly after 10 o'clock. The new President was not recognized by the throng that surrounded the entrance, and no demonstration was therefore made on his appearance. Shortly afterwards Vice-President-elect Wheeler, accompanied by Senator McCreery, also drove up, and was shown into the parlor with the other distinguished guests. Commissioner Ketcham arrived soon after, and President Grant and some members of his family, Attorney-General Taft, and Postmaster-General Tyner, then joined the company.

Soon after, preparations were made for joining the procession. President Hayes, ex-President Grant, and Senator Justin S. Morrill, rode in General Grant's carriage, drawn by four of his finest horses. Vice-President Wheeler and Senator McCreery occupied the second carriage; the third contained the Commissioners of the District and General Garfield. Following these were carriages occupied by the members of General Grant's Cabinet and the Board of Police of Washington. These carriages were driven to the eastern gate of the White House grounds, and there awaited the arrival of the procession.

The march was started promptly. When about half the procession had passed this point, the Presidential party entered the line, a battery of light artillery preceding the carriages, the Washington Light Guards following, while the Columbus (Ohio) Cadets formed the escort of honor. The President's carriage drew up at the foot of the stairway leading up to the main door of the Senate wing, on the east front of the Capitol, and the President and

President-elect, escorted by the Committee of Arrangements, ascended there.

With bands playing, bugles blowing and colors flying, the infantry, foot artillery and cavalry filed into the open space reserved for them, and were gradually arranged by the aids to the Grand Marshal in parallel lines of battalion in line of battle, the lines massed upon each other. Light Battery A, Second artillery, came into battery north of the Capitol and awaited the order to fire a national salute of thirty-eight guns. The civic procession passed to the rear of the troops, and was massed there by the Deputy Grand Marshal.

The central portico had been draped with American flags by the natty hands of a detail of Jack Tars from the Navy Yard. The railing of the temporary platform which projected out over the embankment of marble steps was festooned with them. Flags nearly sixty feet long hung down between the pillars of the portico, and the largest flag of all waved from a horizontal staff thrust out from the apex of the gable.

The members of the diplomatic corps, with their glittering court dresses and decorations, and gold embroideries and laces, were gathering in the lobby of the Senate preparatory to making their imposing entrance. This they did a few minutes before twelve, and immediately every head in the galleries leaned forward to see the resplendent procession which filed in, headed by Sir Edward Thornton, the Dean of the corps. To many of those present who had never seen in actual life any of the associations of royalty this was a rare treat.

Next came the United States Supreme Court, making a solemn but still impressive pageant, which

by him, some of them taking the modified oath, and then the announcement was made that it was in order to swear in the Vice-President of the United States, Hon. William A. Wheeler.

Mr. Wheeler came in on the arm of the stately Senator from Kentucky, Mr. McCreery. As soon as Mr. Wheeler had assumed the presiding officer's chair he addressed the Senate in a straightforward, honest salutation, which was received with great respect and attention. When Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, walked forward to be sworn in as Senator from that State, many of the diplomatic corps looked peeringly forward to see the celebrity who had created so much excitement and turmoil in Southern affairs. But Senator Boggs arose to object. A palpable nervousness became perceptible in the Chamber. "Was there to be a scene? Could an angry debate possibly arise? What was coming next?"

These were questions uppermost in the minds of many. Fortunately, Senator Anthony offered a resolution to refer all these disputed Senatorships, which was adopted, and Senator Ferry respectfully bowed down Mr. Kellogg as he withdrew from before the Speaker's desk.

Upon receiving the gavel from Mr. Ferry, Vice-President Wheeler announced that the Senate and its associated functionaries would proceed, according to the order arranged by Sergeant-at-Arms French, to participate in the inauguration of President Hayes. The several corps of officials and diplomats accordingly filed out in the order of the announcement made for each, led by the Supreme Court of the United States, preceded by their clerk, Mr. Middleton, who bore the large Bible on which the President-elect was to take the oath of office. Following came the Senate, preceded by ex-President Grant and President Hayes, walking arm-in-arm. The Senators marched by two out of the Senate Chamber to the rotunda, and thence out upon the platform.

Mrs. Hayes and about fifty of her friends, who occupied the private gallery at the right of that set aside for the diplomatic corps in the Senate Chamber, left their places when the ceremony of administering the oath of office to the new Senators began, and, escorted by Captain Blackford of the Capitol police, went to the platform on which the inaugural ceremonies were to be performed.

President Hayes read his inaugural in a loud, clear voice. When the reading was completed he turned to the Chief Justice, who sat at his right. The Clerk of the Supreme Court, who carried a Bible in his hand, presented it, and the oath of office was administered. This completed the ceremony.

Leaving his place immediately after, the new President pushed his way through the crowd to the seat occupied by Mrs. Hayes, and, having spoken with her and received the congratulations of friends who surrounded him, he passed up the steps through the rotunda to the Senate wing of the Capitol, and remained in the Vice-President's room until ready to join the procession on its return to the White House. When the line was ready to move, accompanied by General Grant, Senator Morrill, the Commissioners of the District, and others, he returned to the carriage in which he had come to the Capitol, and the procession, marching by the right flank, proceeded down the hill on the north side of the Capitol Park, and down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. The procession was then dismissed, and the ceremony of inaugurating President Hayes was finished.

The President, with the ex-President, reached the Executive Mansion at about half-past two o'clock, when a Presidential salute was thundered by artillery stationed in the "white lot," in the vicinity of the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Grant had prepared a sumptuous lunch in the family dining-room of the Executive Mansion, to which the President, the ex-President, the members of the Cabinet and several friends of President Hayes repaired. Many ladies were present. It was an informal affair, and intended by Mrs. Grant for the comfort of the new incumbent of the mansion.

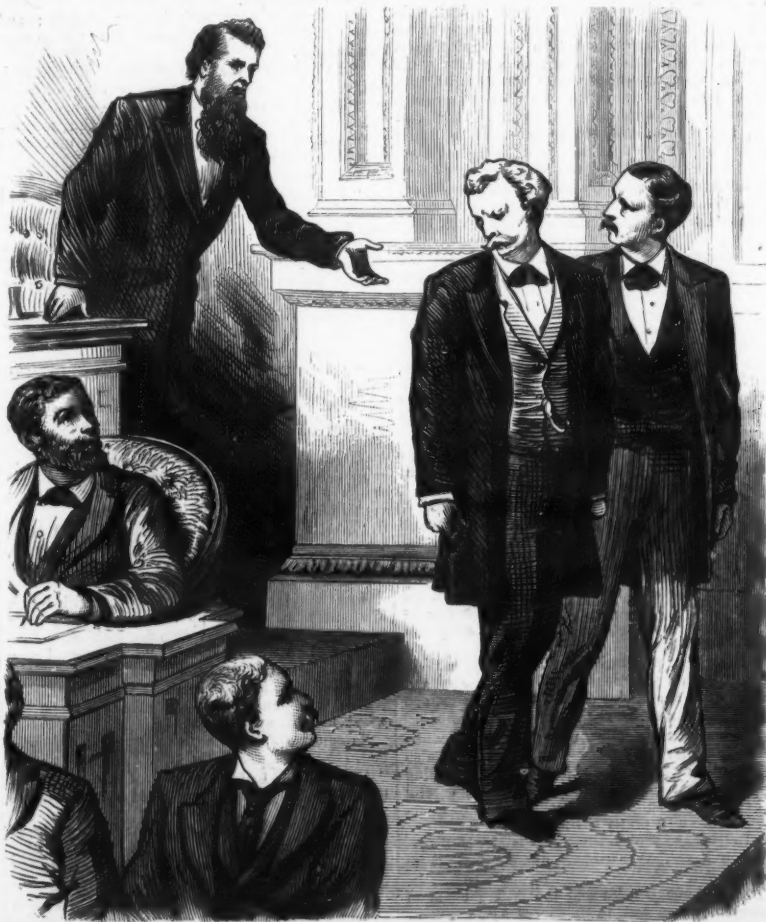
The house has been placed in excellent order for President Hayes and his family. Rare flowers ornament the different rooms, and great care was taken by Mrs. Grant to have the residence in every way comfortable.

The torchlight procession in honor of the inauguration of President Hayes was fully up to the standard of torchlight processions in general, and in point of numbers was a great success.

The evening was delightfully pleasant. The air was soft, and, for the season of the year, exceedingly mild and balmy, and as a consequence, instead of a gathering numbering the leaders in official, in social and diplomatic life, there was a truly



NEW YORK CITY.—OPEN-AIR MEETING OF LEADING BANKERS AND MERCHANTS AT THE SUB-TREASURY, IN WALL STREET, MARCH 8TH, TO SUSTAIN PRESIDENT HAYES IN HIS EFFORTS FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE—PRESIDENT PRO TEM. FERRY BOWING DOWN MR. KELLOGG OF LOUISIANA, MARCH 6TH, AFTER OBJECTIONS HAD BEEN RAISED TO HIS TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, ALBERT BERGHAUS AND HARRY OGDEN.

contrasted in its sombre hues with the brilliant party which preceded it. But from its numbers two were missing. Justices Clifford and Field, while Justice Davis accompanied them, without, however, wearing his silken gown and insignia of office. The last had resigned as a Justice, and was about to be sworn in as a United States Senator, changing the ermine for the toga. The whole space in the west, south and north galleries was set apart for members and their ladies.

Exactly at noon ex-President Grant and President Hayes walked into the Senate Chamber, arm-in-arm, the whole concourse rising and standing until they took seats on sofas in front of the desk of the President of the Senate, and facing the diplomatic corps and Justices of the Supreme Court.

Prayer was then offered by Dr. Sunderland, Chaplain of the Senate. After the prayer, Mr. Gorham, Clerk of the Senate, called the body to order. Senator Hamlin, the oldest Senator by consecutive terms of office, then paid the late acting President of the Senate, Senator Thomas W. Ferry, the compliment of offering a resolution for his re-election as President pro tem. of the Senate, which was unanimously adopted. Next the newly elected Senators, who were not objected to, were sworn in

democratic outpouring of all classes, without distinction of race or nationality. Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol gates to the Treasury Department, and thence up Fifteenth Street to the Executive Mansion, became, towards eight o'clock, a mass of moving life and light. Nearly every house was brilliant with light, arches of fire spanned the magnificent street, and portraits of Hayes and Wheeler gleamed behind almost every window. The glare of rockets and fireworks made every object as clear and distinct as at noon-day. The whole population seemed to have turned out to witness the display, and the throngs of people who lined the streets were, if possible, greater than during the ceremonies of the morning. The procession occupied nearly an hour in passing a given point. The mottoes of the transparencies were apt and striking, and drew forth repeated cheers from the thousands who lined the sidewalks. Along the line of march from the Capitol gate to the Executive Mansion every foot of ground was packed with human beings, who, for the most part, moved along with the procession as it wended its way to the White House, where it was received by President Hayes and a number of his friends and supporters. Passing under the portico of the Executive Mansion, the air was rent with cheers, and the newly-installed President acknowledged the compliment paid him. The procession, after leaving the grounds of the Executive Mansion, wheeled into F Street, halting at the Ebbitt House, the quarters of Senator Morton, where several speeches were made. The enthusiasm of the crowd did not expend itself until a late hour. When it was disbanded, the different clubs and organizations, as they marched to the different halls, amused themselves by singing old war-songs and patriotic airs.

EDGED TOOLS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning sun was streaming into his pleasant room through the chintz curtains when Caleb Halliday awoke, very much bewildered at first on finding himself in strange quarters, and feeling very lazy still and full of aches and pains.

His first visit was from his host, who received his apologies and explanations and thanks with great good humor, and made a cordial offer of further hospitality, which was at once accepted. Sir John's big fist was full of roses, and he laid them down by the invalid's cup of tea in a loose, sweet-smelling heap, wet from the garden-bushes.

"They are from Lesley," he said—"from my little girl. She thinks they will do you more good than all Doctor Swayne's prescriptions."

Caleb colored with pleasure, as he buried his nose in the flowers with a sigh of satisfaction, and begged Sir John to convey his thanks to Miss Bell. He was still gazing idly at his flowers when Doctor Swayne arrived, and it was with a boyish blush that they were laid aside, and his hand was held out cordially to his friend.

"You see I am all right again!" he cried; "but I have waited, like an exemplary patient, for leave to go down-stairs."

"I think you may go down to luncheon," was the doctor's verdict, when some questions had been answered by Caleb with an extremely victimized air. "But don't let me hear of any more feats on the river just yet. You are not quite up to that sort of thing at present."

"I won't try, then. Is there anything else you would like to bully me about? Oh, I say, Alick, Sir John Bell has been telling me that you intend to leave Chatter! I wish some lucky wind would blow you over to Manchester."

The doctor shook his head somewhat sadly.

"My lines lie in more distant places, I am afraid," he said. "My cousin has been urging me for two or three years past to join him in Australia; and I am now determined to take his advice. It seems to me the best thing I can do."

"Of course it would be better than being buried alive in a place like this," Caleb began; but the doctor interrupted him.

"No, no!" he said. "I have been very happy here. I have found plenty of work and plenty of friends. If it had rested altogether with me, there would have been no change. As it is—"

"Well?"

"Look here, Caleb. I may as well tell you and have done with it. I have been a fool this year and more, and I deserve what has befallen me. I have actually been insane enough to fall in love with—"

"With Miss Bell? I see." Caleb looked at his friend, whose strong, plain face was quivering with pain, and his eyes were full of honest sympathy.

"She is so charming, Caleb. You will see that a man can scarcely keep from under her influence, though heaven knows I did try. But I was weaker than I thought, I suppose, and the long and the short of it is that I offered myself, and my six-roomed cottage, and my country practice, which may be worth four hundred a year, to Sir John Bell's daughter; and Doctor Swayne laughed bitterly as he made his confession."

"Her father interfered, I suppose?" Caleb asked.

"Yes—to prevent her laughing at me."

"What?"

Young Halliday started up, tumbling all Lesley's roses on to the ground; but the doctor put his hands quietly on his shoulders.

"Sit down, my boy," he said, "or you shall have no luncheon. Miss Bell is a pretty, spoiled girl, in perfect health, and without a trouble in the world. I dare say the idea of sentiment in a man who wears spectacles and doses the village children with senna was a very amusing one to her. Of course she laughed. Why shouldn't she? She does not know what pain means yet."

Caleb set the heel of his slipper contemptuously on the fallen roses.

"I don't mean to cry out over my pain, Caleb—you know me better than that; but, as I walked home last night, I turned the matter over in my mind, and I resolved that I would tell you. Lesley Bell is—I mean, the warning will be of service to you, or I am mistaken. You are such an inflammable fellow, you know; so how should you escape when a sober old foggy like myself fell into the snare?"

"So she laughed at you?" Caleb said, abstractedly; he scarcely seemed to hear his friend speaking. "Tell me one thing, Alick. Had she given you any hope? Is she, as you say, a careless girl, or is she a deliberate flirt?"

Doctor Swayne winced somewhat at this question, and changed color.

"Oh, what matter about that now?" he returned. "A man in love lives on such trifles. A flower, a word, a smile, seems such a great thing when it is given by the one sweet woman in his dreary, prosy, hard-working life."

The doctor broke off suddenly and walked to the window. Caleb saw him rub his big hand hurriedly across his eyes as he stood looking out.

"Does not know what pain means!" the young fellow echoed, with inward scorn. "If she has a soul in her false little body, she must have read the meaning in that poor fellow's face the day she sneered at his loss. Oh, I should like to—"

"Caleb," the doctor began again, turning round with his usual sober face, and coming back to the couch, "I have told you my stupid little story as a warning—nothing more. My serious advice to you is to get away from Heycot as soon as you can. And now we will talk of something else."

"Agreed; but don't be alarmed on my account, my dear fellow," and Caleb shrugged his shoulders, carelessly. "I hate a prude, and I like to see a girl enjoying her youth and her prettiness and her powers of pleasing; but a heartless, unwomanly—No, I'm not a bit excited!" he declared, laughing, as the doctor held up his finger. "I am only disgusted with your Miss Bell, and quite resolved that she shall not add my scalp to the trophies that hang at her cruel little belt."

With that they changed the subject, and began to talk of old times, taking up the broken threads of their schoolboy lives and weaving them with thick-coming questions and answers across the years during which they had been separated, and with the present moments of accidental reunion.

"It is hard to go away, I confess," Doctor Swayne continued, after a while, "and leave others to gather in the harvest I have sown; but, if I can only hear sometimes that I am not quite forgotten, and if the man who follows me only turns out a decent fellow—"

"Are you not hasty in your decision, after all?" the other urged. "It may be very childish on my part, but I confess, if I were you, I should think twice about letting Miss Bell have the satisfaction such a step will afford her. Why should she have so convincing a proof of the completeness with which she has performed her unwomanly work?"

"No, no, Caleb! Don't be too hard on her," the doctor muttered; but Caleb went on.

"Why should you leave a place where you have been so useful and so happy, merely because a cold little coquette has followed her natural bent, and—"

"Oh, it is not that, Caleb! It is not only that. I must go away if I am ever to regain my self-respect. I must leave this place, where every stick and stone laughs in my face and tells me I am an ass!"

The doctor's ears were burning. He paced the room in strong excitement, Caleb watching him with calm and wondering eyes.

Then Caleb started up, uttering an angry exclamation, and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Forget it, Alick!" he cried; "forget it all! It may be Miss Bell's turn to suffer one of these days, and then—it is not to you or to me that she need look for pity!"

CHAPTER V.

MISS BELL'S sitting-room was a low, oak-paneled parlor, with deep, stone-shafted windows looking out on to a sheltered flower-garden, and it was furnished in a pretty *rococo* fashion, with tapestried chairs and couches, with china jars and monsters, and quaint brocaded hangings. Flowers filled every nook and corner, and the sunshiny old room smelt as sweet as the garden outside, where Lesley, disdaining the aid of the gardeners, was wont to patter about on her high-heeled shoes of an evening, with her dress tucked up, filling her watering-pot at the little fountain, and taking care of her much-loved flowers.

The room was always in a litter of books and fishing-tackle and music, of battle-axes, whips, lace-work, color-boxes and account-books of the various little village charities of which the young lady was treasurer, and a dozen things besides. With so much work upon her hands, it was odd that Miss Bell should ever find time to work mischief; and she was wont to complain to Dolly, in serious moments, of the frivolity she had observed in the two or three hapless young men who had been her victims.

Miss Bell yawned, tossed back the golden waves of loose hair, and looked with visible impatience at the little Sevres clock on the mantelpiece.

"Will the luncheon-bell never ring?" she cried. "I'll just go and see what Withers is about, and tell him I'm starving."

She rushed out of the room into the breezy sunlit hall, and almost plumped into the arms of a tall young man who was coming slowly down the last steps of the stairs. The young man caught at the banisters to steady himself, and Lesley saw that he turned pale.

"I beg your pardon," she said, gently, a thrill of pity running through her. "You are Mr. Halliday—I am Lesley Bell. Take my arm, and I will lead you across the hall. Do lean on me."

She took the big fellow under her charge without waiting for an answer—which, indeed, Caleb was hardly capable of making just then, feeling very faint and dizzy—and led him, with careful steps and many subdued little expressions of interest, into her own pretty sitting-room.

"Dolly," she said, softly, "this is Mr. Halliday. Let him have that easy-chair, and don't speak to him just yet."

The kind young voice and the falling cloud of amber hair were lost to Caleb for a moment or two in a great rushing and roaring in his head, and he sank back weakly in the chair Mrs. Powlett wheeled forward. When he opened his eyes again he saw that Dolly was fanning him, and that

Lesley was regarding him at a little distance with eyes of unaffected pity and concern.

"I am really ashamed of myself," he began, frowning with the pain in his temples.

"Hush! Don't try to speak just yet," Lesley interrupted, with a kind little nod, saying to herself, "Poor fellow, how delicately he looks!"

Caleb eyed Doctor Swayne's little Circe as she sat down to her flies again. She was dressed in the simplest of blue serge dresses, with a linen collar at the throat, and had a crimson rose in her bosom. Mr. Halliday's first feeling was one of extreme disappointment and surprise.

"The girl is pretty enough," he thought, "but what on earth Alick can have seen in her to rave about in that exaggerated fashion I can't, for the life of me, make out!" adding, aloud, with perfectly genuine indifference, "I hope, Miss Bell, you will allow me, at least, to thank you for the flowers you were good enough to send me?"

Lesley stared a little at finding herself snubbed for the first time in her life.

"Oh, certainly!" she answered, thinking to herself, "He may talk as much as he likes, or dance a hornpipe—I shan't interfere any more!"

"He is delicate and a stranger—perhaps shy," she thought. Miss Bell knew very little of the manners and customs of Manchester men, and she made up her mind that she would not judge him as she would her cousin Archie and her London friends, who spoke so languidly, and always seemed to say just the right thing, and to be so entirely self-possessed.

The little clock on the mantel-piece struck two.

"Here is Sir John," said Mrs. Powlett, laying aside her knitting.

"Luncheon is ready," announced Sir John, entering, sunburnt and jolly. "Mrs. Halliday, I am very glad to see you down-stairs. I was compelled to ride over to Bainbury this morning, but I hope my little girl has taken good care of you."

Caleb made the necessary acknowledgment, and Sir John went over to pinch his daughter's ears and inspect her morning's work.

Caleb found it all inexpressibly soothing—the pretty, quaint room full of flowers and sunshine, the low-speaking, well-bred women, Sir John's friendly grasp of his hand, and even an unromantic conviction that he was getting hungry for the first time since his illness.

"Mr. Halliday had better stay here, papa," said Miss Lesley, who could not all at once give up her habit of ordering people about; "his luncheon shall be brought to him. You know Doctor Swayne says he wants care and perfect quiet."

Caleb protested, with many wistful thoughts of the well-spread luncheon-table, that he would not give so much trouble—that he was quite able to take care of himself; but Lesley was inflexible, and, pulling Mrs. Powlett and Sir John away, she left the invalid, undecided whether to laugh or growl, alone in the sunshiny room.

"I suppose the young lady means to be very kind," he thought, rising rather quickly from his chair, and taking a few paces up and down. "Or perhaps, in the absence of a more eligible object, she is condescending to amuse herself at my expense. Let me look out for my scalp."

But the next moment he was compelled to admit that this cautious forearming was altogether unnecessary, and that Miss Bell, who came in followed by a servant, seemed to be concentrating her attention on a tray which she desired the footman to set down on a small table at Mr. Halliday's elbow—a tray glittering with damask and silver, and crowned with an artistic pile of grapes, to which the cutter had left one broad leaf and a bit of brown stem.

Caleb drew near with hungry glances; and then Lesley looked at him out of her blue eyes and smiled.

"I want to see that you obey orders," she said, gravely, beginning to cut up a wing of roast chicken, as if her big-bearded charge had been a child. "You are to eat every bit of this, remember, and to drink at least two glasses of claret; and then you may have a few grapes."

Caleb stared and laughed.

"I assure you, Miss Bell," he said, "I feel capable of devouring the whole chicken, bones and all."

"Ah, that is right!" giving him a beaming little nod. "Now I see you are really getting better. Do you know that you frightened me very much last night?"

Caleb fidgeted in his chair, and inwardly wished that his young ministering spirit would go to her luncheon and leave him to his.

"Then what must my emotions have been," he returned, his anxious gaze still fixed on the chicken, "when I came to myself, and saw a little figure all in white leaning over me in the dusk? I thought I was dreaming—"

Here the thought of the pale-blue knot, of which he was going to speak, recalled easily enough the bunch of roses and his friend's story of the morning. He started up impatiently.

"Really, Miss Bell," he exclaimed, "there is no necessity for so much kindness on your part, and I am detaining you from your luncheon, I am afraid."

Lesley laid down the knife and fork with which she had been cutting up the chicken, and drew herself up in an adorably dignified fashion.

"I will go then," she said. "I am sorry I may not ask you if you would like anything else, because Doctor Swayne won't let you have it."

She was gone, and Mr. Halliday was left to wreak his will upon the viands.

"Capital claret," he thought, when the door had closed on the little blue-gowned figure. "Awful little flirt!" And for the next five minutes he devoted his undivided attention to his plate.

A rose-scented breeze fanned his forehead, birds were trilling and chirping joyously in the garden, during his banquet—the warm July sun streamed royally into the room.

"A fine old place," said Caleb, filling his glass a second time with a sigh of satisfaction; "and a jolly old boy the master of it! Nothing can exceed their good nature, really. And the girl is pretty—the beauty of expression which grows upon you. What heaps of fair hair she has—and

such a lovely figure! Oh, she is undeniably pretty! Poor old Alick! It was a thousand pities he lost his head—he must have known from the first that the thing was impossible. And then Miss Bell's little devices are so transparent. Poor old boy! Why could he not have seen, as I see, that all these pretty airs and graces are as much second nature to this girl as mischief to a kitten, and means no more for one man than another? Miss Lesley, for all her big blue eyes and saucy smile, is just the very last woman in the world who would ever give me the heartache; but she is very pretty for all that—very pretty."

Miss Lesley did not appear again that afternoon. Mrs. Powlett came and sat with him for an hour, and when she went away to her school in the village, Caleb had the London papers and the last books from Mudie's to amuse him. Over these he fell into a pleasant doze that lasted all the afternoon. He slept through the soft clatter of Lesley's five-o'clock tea; he slept undisturbed by the dressing-bell.

Lesley came running into the room on her way up-stairs to dress, but, seeing the young man still fast asleep on the couch, checked herself suddenly, and advanced on tip-toe to get the book she wanted. And then she could not help taking another look at the unconscious face on the pillow. Broad brow, calm eyelids, sweet-tempered mouth, half-hidden by the chestnut beard—there they lay under the inquisitive, girlish glance. She noticed that the hands clasped above his head were strong and large and white, his gray garments well made, his boots unexceptionable.

"He looks like a gentleman," Lesley decided, breathing very softly, for fear of waking him. "I thought Manchester people were all vulgar, and dropped their A's. They always do in novels. They are always very rich, and they marry some girl in society who is breaking her heart for a cousin in the Guards, and who becomes reckless, and wears impossible toilets, and ruins the Manchester husband by her extravagance. Mr. Halliday's manner is perfectly good, too—papa says so—but different from Archie's and the men he knows—simpler—there is less affectation of indifference. His face kindled to-day when he spoke to Dolly about Doctor Swayne; he was not ashamed to show his regard for him. He looks kind and strong, and as if he could do anything with his hands. I wonder whether he has ever had to work? I suppose he has no mother or sister to take care of him, poor fellow, or they would have kept him at home until he had quite got over his illness. Well, if he sleeps like this every day, he won't be much in the way. Still, I hope he will be gone before Archie comes. They would not get on well together at all. Archie is so fastidious."

A smile trembled on Lesley's lips, which gave way to a little sigh as she went away on tip-toe, holding her novel against her breast.

When Caleb, with a tremendous yawn, opened his eyes a few minutes later, he saw only the vacant room and the Summer twilight gathering dimly about his drowsy eyes.

"I'm deuced hungry!" was his first reflection, and, looking at his watch, he started to his feet.

"I must make haste and wash my hands and get into the drawing-room, or Miss Bell may take a fancy to bring me my dinner on a tray."

The ungrateful young man made good his escape, and was ready for an apology for his morning-coat by the time Mrs. Powlett and Lesley came down-stairs.

"I hope you have had good sport, Miss Bell," he said, stooping to arrange the footstool for her little feet—"and that the flies did proper execution."

Sir John and Lesley broke out into an animated account of their exploits on the river, and especially of a prolonged struggle with an obstinate four-pounder, which was at length hooked by the big pollard-willow near the bridge—which history carried them along easily up to the announcement of dinner.

Lesley was far too busy during that important meal to be able to talk much, and Caleb was beginning to think her a less objectionable girl than he had supposed, when, just as she was leaving the room with her faithful Dolly, the young lady spoiled all, and sank several degrees in the Manchester man's estimation.

"Would you like me to sing for you this evening?" was the unlucky speech she made, as Caleb held the door open. "I will, if you are good." And so she vanished, flushed and smiling, in a cloud of white muslin.

"If I am good!" the young man groaned, fuming inwardly as he returned to the table. "I believe that girl would patronize the Prince of Wales. What could Alick Swayne have seen in her to—?" And then he forgot all about Lesley in the enjoyment of Sir John's good wine and jovial talk about the covers and kennels, and the prospect of the shooting season, and was quite sorry when it was time to join the ladies.

The lamp had not yet been lighted in the drawing-room; the long windows were open to the moonlit gardens, where the tall elms stood in masses of glittering silver, casting their dense shadows on the lawn; a light breeze awayed the curtains to and fro; a nightingale was singing. The tea-things stood neglected on the little table, and Mrs. Powlett was knitting rapidly in the dusk.

Lesley was not in the room. Sir John expressed surprise at her absence; and as Mrs. Powlett rose to go in search of her, Caleb could do no less than offer his services—at which Mrs. Powlett smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Halliday," she said. "You will find her at the boat-house, I dare say—or perhaps in her own garden near the sundial. Turn to the right, and you will see the marble steps that lead to it."

Mrs. Powlett, who considered moonlit gardens apt to give neuralgia to people of a certain age, sat down to pour out tea for Sir John; and Caleb, stepping from the dusky drawing-room into the white glory of the July night, went in search of Miss Bell.

Everything was so still that he could hear the river rippling over its stones, as it ran, like a silver chain, across the green, dark landscape. A bat flitted by close to his face; the trees were whis-

pering together overhead. With a long look, Caleb took in the beauty of the scene, and then turned slowly on his heel, whistling softly as he went—passed the great cedar that was spreading its black arms above the striped Afghans and gay-colored pillows on which Lesley had been reading that morning, through a long clipped alley stretching away into the silent depths of fragrant gloom, and so to the head of the flight of marble steps that led to Miss Bell's flower-garden.

This was a quaint old pleasure, where primly dressed beauties had tended their roses and watched the slow passage of the hours in days gone by, and where everything was permitted to retain its old-world air, from the grotesque lion's head, through the mouth of which a tiny stream trickled on to an iron grating below, to the moss-grown dial, and sweet-smelling posies, each in its season, that smothered the grassy beds with their unpruned luxuriance and bloom. Caleb paused, leaning his elbows on the marble balustrade, and looked down into the sheltered nook.

The moon was shining full on to the grass plot in the middle, and a little slender figure—like the ghost of one of the dead-and-gone beauties in powder and patches—was dancing to its own shadow on the silvery sward, twirling, singing, coquetting, and making the most stately "cheeses" that a white muslin dress could produce. Lesley Bell looked such a child, she seemed so happy, and so unconscious of herself, that Caleb was loath to break up the picture.

"I'll wait until she's out of breath," he decided, magnanimously; and, producing a huge cigar, he struck a light and prepared for a quiet smoke. That broke the spell.

The singing suddenly ceased; the young lady stopped her dancing, and turned her head in his direction, peering up at him from amongst the dusky bushes.

"Is that you, papa?" she cried, gayly. "Come down and finish your cigar in my garden. How nice it smells—almost as nice as my gillflowers." "It is too late for people to be out in the night-air," responded the young man, gravely. "If I am papa, I desire you to return to the drawing-room."

Lesley began to laugh, and came running up the steps to his side. Her lovely golden locks were loosened.

"Am I to go in?" she asked, smelling the bunch of red carnations she held in her hand. "No, don't stop smoking! Did you ever see such a heavenly night? How I should like to pull down the river to Chatton!"

"It would be very imprudent," said Caleb, lifting himself up, a tall, bearded figure, beside the girl's slim, white shape.

"But so jolly," she pleaded, with her pretty half-boyish air; and she held up her flowers for him to smell, as if she wanted to bribe him. Caleb bent his handsome head over the nosegay in a resigned manner.

"Shall we go in?" he said, turning round. "Sir John sent me to look for you, Miss Bell." Lesley opened her blue eyes. What man but this would have proposed leaving the glorious midsummer moonlight, the cool, fragrant gardens, when she was at his side, for the drawing-room and Dolly's lukewarm tea?

If she had condescended to say to Mr. Croker—which she never had done, however—"I want to pull down the river," would not that elderly and amiable man have braved lumbago and rheumatism, and followed her to the Land's End? When did Charley West or Reginald Spencer refuse to accede to her slightest request, to humor her wildest whim, during the longest vacation when they both felt in love with her? If Archie were here, would not he have smoothed away all difficulties, gained papa's consent, collected an armful of shawls, and helped her into the boat in a twinkling.

"I think Mr. Halliday must be shy," Miss Bell decided, as she walked homewards silently at Caleb's side—"he does not feel at ease with us yet," and so she put her crossness away, and turned a bright face to him in the tender light, and talked her pretty girl's talk, with the laudable intention of reassuring the timid young giant.

But what subject would be likely to interest a Manchester man? That was the question. Scarcely books or music or pictures, about which Archie always talked so nicely, and which Lesley herself liked almost as much as she liked dancing and fishing and riding. What should she talk about?

Caleb on his part smoked his cigar tranquilly, and did not appear distressed by the silence which had lasted quite half a minute.

"I wish I could smoke," Miss Bell sighed inwardly. "It makes a man look so wise when he happens to have nothing to say."

"If Archie were here, Mr. Halliday," she began, "you would not be so dull. We expect him very soon—any day, in fact."

"Archie?"

"Yes—my cousin. He lives in London; isn't he lucky?"

"Very—he is your cousin," Caleb would have said to this pretty girl, if he had not been unwilling to gratify her shallow nature with even so small a compliment. "Because he lives in London?"

"Was his actual reply, as he knocked the ash off his cigar, and looked straight before him. "Of course. Is there any place in the world like London? I dream of it often and often—of the shops, and the park, and the opera, and—oh, the balls! How I wish it was next year!"

"Is not this year pleasant enough, Miss Bell?" Caleb asked, smiling good-naturedly at her little raptures. Heycot seemed to him a decidedly agreeable place just then. His cigar was good, the air delicious, and Lesley looked really charming in her white dress.

"This year?" she echoed. "This year is a prosy, happy old year enough; but next I am to come out. I am to be presented, and stop in town for the whole season. Aunt Adelaide says so."

"And what does Cousin Archie say?" Caleb inquired, dreamily, as she paused for breath. He was watching the distant shimmer of the white rays on the river, and it seemed an effort to talk, to break the radiant stillness of the hour with commonplace remarks.

"Archie says he likes me best in the country,"

Lesley sighed. "You see he is so poor, dear old boy, and he thinks I shall marry some 'swell,' as he says, and forget him."

Caleb laughed at this naive admission. "An opinion which you share, of course, Miss Bell?"

"Yes, I suppose so—at least, I don't mean to forget Archie, certainly, only I should not like to be an old maid."

"Death would be preferable, I should say," said Caleb, coldly, and he threw away his cigar.

They were nearing the drawing-room window now; large square patches of yellow light lay on the moonlit lawn.

"What a self-absorbed little animal it is!" the young man thought, smothering a yawn. "She dreams of London balls, and contemplates a swell marriage before she is well out of pinafores. I wonder if she gives a single thought to the poor fellow who is breaking his heart for her over yonder in the village, who is going to give up home and country and all his little world for her sake." He sighed heavily at the thought of the fate of his absent friend, and Lesley heard it.

"I am keeping you out too long!" she cried, with a sudden recollection of his invalid condition. "Do forgive me for being so thoughtless. Let us go in at once."

"Or shall we pull down the river to Chatton?" he asked, laughing.

"No, no!" She laid her pretty sunburnt hand on the young man's sleeve, and looked at him with a quaint maternal air of anxiety. "You are looking pale again—as pale as you did last night in the boat-house. Come in, and let Dolly give you some tea."

So they went in through the open window together, Caleb laughing at her little air of solicitude, and Lesley insisting on taking care of him.

(To be continued.)

The Good Influence of Pictures.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape for the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to some persons engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture to other beautiful and perhaps idyllic scenes, where the fancy of a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world? Perhaps it is summer in the picture. What a charming momentary change and contrast!

The Mississippi Mud Islands.

There is nothing more curious on our coast than the mud islands at the mouth of the Mississippi. They were lifted from the bottom of the sea; but how, is a mystery. Some have risen or subsided in a single day, and the gas, coming from them a few feet below the surface, keeps up a continual turmoil of the water above, while from all of them the gases which raised them escape through small but apparently bottomless craters. In some of these springs the water that shoots up is several degrees colder than it is in the surrounding sea; and the crater of one of them, on Osgeood's Island, has a mineral flavor, and is sold in New Orleans drug-stores as a specific for rheumatism. These islands never rise in channels of navigation, but always on their edges. Some have a little vegetation, but the greater number are bare. On one of these, near the southeast pass, a brick fort, constructed by the Spaniards over a century ago, is slowly sinking into the sea. On Gordon's Island still grow a grove of fig-trees a century old, and near them a graveyard in which are headstones bearing Spanish names and dates one and two centuries ago. As the delta-strips work seaward, they keep an equal distance in advance; and thus rise where formerly was deep water, and often bring up fragments of wrecks lost more than one hundred years ago.

Knights of the Garter.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF Prussia has received the highest honor which it is in the power of Queen Victoria to confer on a foreign prince—an honor, too, which is sometimes coveted in vain by reigning sovereigns. Guizot mentions how glad Louis Philippe was to receive the Garter, which he only did upon his visit to England in 1844, when he had already been fourteen years upon the throne of July. He is said to have expressed the feeling that now at length he could no longer be called a mere King of the Baricades, but was formerly received into the brotherhood of monarchs upon equal terms. Napoleon III. was equally pleased, when in 1855—less than four years after the *coup d'état*—he was invested with the blue ribbon by her Majesty in person. On the other hand, we find Lord Palmerston (in Lord Dalrymple's life) writing to his brother, Sir William Temple, and telling him that "Bernadotte has been flying a kite for the Garter," adding that his Swedish Majesty was not to get it. At the present moment a decided majority of the kings are entitled to wear this highly prized decoration, but the Kings of Spain and Sweden are as yet left out in the cold. The only foreign princes, not actually reigning sovereigns, who are Knights of the Garter, are the Crown-Prince of Germany and his son, Prince Louis, of Hesse, and Prince Christian, of Sleswick-Holstein. Three out of these are heirs to crowns. The Duke of Cumberland has worn a crown, and is moreover, a lineal descendant of George II., and by a statute passed on the 17th of January, 1805, the Order is to consist of the sovereign and twenty-five Knights Companions. Together with such lineal descendants of King George II. as may be elected, always excepting the Prince of Wales, who is a constituent part of the original institution. Special statutes are passed for the admission of foreign sovereigns or princes as extra knights.

Champagne in the Middle Ages.

ACCORDING to the oldest historians the fame of champagne extends back to the end of the eleventh century, under the reign of Pope Urban II. The Ay wine, which the Pontiff prized above all others,

was then a red sort, unlike Bouzy wine, which also has had its day of great renown. St. Remy left by will ten casks of this sort to his nephew, and to some priests of the Church of Rheims. At the coronation of Philip of Valois, in 1328, this wine cost six livres per cask; at that of Charles IX., more than two centuries later, it sold at the rate of thirty-four livres per cask. For many years the wines of the Marquis de Puisieux, Lord of Sillery and Verzenay, were the most esteemed at the Court of France, and were reserved for the royal table. The vineyards that produce them are exposed to the rising sun; those of Hautvilliers, Izy and Ay lie on the hills having a southern exposure, and produce better wine than those of Cramont, that are exposed to the north. The "Maison Rustique," printed in 1658, mentions the wine of Ay as a delicate claret reserved for kings and princes; but it was only about 1670 that Ay was changed into a perfectly white wine, as we learn from a later edition of the same work, printed in 1736. On the 9th of January, 1739, Bertin de Rocheret, possessor of Ay, sent two casks of rose-colored wine to M. de Subcourt for from one hundred and fifty to two hundred livres. This sort was a great novelty at the time. In 1747 it was sold at Ay for three hundred livres a cask. But half a century before people had begun to talk of "vin de Champagne mousseux." It became first known in 1693; its fame rose to its height in 1710-15, but abated a little subsequently, a suspicion having arisen that the wine was frothy because it was drugged. The discoverer of this champagne was Dom Perignon, a Benedictine of the Abbey of Hautvilliers, who found that wine bottled immediately after being made, and kept until May, would froth. The sort went a long while under his name; it used to be sold for one thousand livres per queue of the capacity of four hundred litres. Dom Perignon carried the secret of making white wine with red grapes away with him when he departed this life, in 1765, at the age of seventy-seven.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Queen Victoria Opening Parliament.

On February 8th, Queen Victoria opened in person the fourth session of the ninth Parliament of her reign. The day was fine, and an enormous crowd thronged the route between Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament. The royal procession passed through St. James's Park about two P.M. Her Majesty, who seemed pleased at the warmth of her people's welcome, wore an ermine cloak over black velvet, with a Marie Stuart cap and veil, surmounted by a miniature crown of diamonds, while her brooch she wore the Koh-i-Noor. In the same carriage were seated the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. Her Majesty alighted at the Peers' entrance, and passed into the House, where had assembled an immense throng of peers and peeresses, the ladies' evening dress adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. The Prince of Wales, attired in the robes of a peer, sat on the right of the throne, and the Princess upon the woolsack in front, while on the left of it stood the newly created Earl of Beaconsfield, holding the "Sword." At the sound of the trumpet which announced the coming of Her Majesty, the whole assembly rose, and the simultaneous dropping of the ladies' opera-cloaks produced an effect of startling and dazzling beauty as their gem-decked bosoms met the light. The Queen entered the hall, preceded by the Pursuivant and Herald, and seated herself upon the throne, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice taking up their positions on the left, the Marquis of Winchester, with the Cap of Maintenance, and the Lord Chancellor on the right, beside the Prince of Wales. The Lord Chancellor on bended knee, presented the speech to the Queen, who by a slight gesture commanded him to read it. The speech concluded, Her Majesty passed out of the hall, and the ceremony of opening the Parliament of 1877 was over.

Turkey and the Eastern Question.

Renewed assurances are given that the Porte is fully resolved to execute all the provisions of the Constitution. It is the intention of the Sultan to apply to England for administrators in the departments of Revenue and Customs. The Under-Secretary in the Ministry of Justice will be sent to England in order to make a study of British legal practice. It is intended that all the laws dealing with the details of the new Constitution shall be ready for consideration on the assembling of the Turkish Parliament. Some of our foreign cuts this week portray incidents in the social life of the Turks. One represents the daily feeding of the flock of pigeons kept in the courtyard of the Mosque of Bajazid, in Constantinople. This is regarded as a laudable act of piety, as well as of natural kindness and benevolence, in which many of the devout Moslems are willing to take part. Another sketch is at the door of the Hôtel de l'Angletier, better known as Missiri's, at Pera, which is the favorite residence of European visitors to Constantinople. A foreign lady is about to enter a sedan chair, which is to carry her to a ball at the mansion of one of the Turkish Ministers of State. A third illustration depicts the consecration of one of a large number of buildings which have been erected in various parts of Bulgaria with English and French funds. The charitable contributors of this money, with rare wisdom, caused it to be expended in giving occupation to the distressed people whom war had left impoverished and often homeless.

Mr. Tooth, the Hatcham Martyr.

The latest Church martyr in England is the Rev. Arthur Tooth, late of Hatcham, but at present of Horse-monger Lane Jail. His crime was contumacious disregard of the orders of his superiors, who peremptorily forbade his giving expression in Church service to his intense ritualistic zeal. Mr. Tooth declined to comply with his instructions, and is now in jail. Consequently he is a martyr, and as such is the sensation of the hour. He is prayed for in certain churches, he is visited by his admirers, and his portrait appears in all the papers. It is seriously doubted whether he could ever have achieved greatness in any other way, as he is a young man of ordinary talent, and with no special intellectual strength. He was ordained deacon in 1863, and priest in 1866, and since 1868 has been rector of St. James's, in Hatcham. The Surrey County Jail, in which he is imprisoned, to the extent merely of deprivation of liberty, is the same structure in which Leigh Hunt was incarcerated to expiate his crime of calling the English Prince Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty."

Induction of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

During the ceremony of opening Parliament, on February 8th, the House of Lords reassembled. When the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat upon the Woolsack, Lord Beaconsfield, arrayed in his peer's robes, preceded by the Deputy Black Rod, the Garter King-at-Arms, and the Earl Marshal, was led within the railings, and accompanied by the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Bradford, approached the table, and banded to the clerk his writ of summons as Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden. The reading of the quaintly worded document was listened to with unusual interest. The new peer then took the customary oaths, after which he and his sponsors walked round to the Viscounts' Bench, upon which they seated themselves, and saluted the Lord Chancellor by thrice raising their

three-cornered hats, which they put on as they sat down. They next went to the Earls' Bench and repeated the salutations, this time with their hats off, the Lord Chancellor responding with becoming dignity and gravity. Lastly, the noble lord was presented to the Lord Chancellor, and after shaking hands with him, retired to the robing-room, but reappeared in a few minutes in ordinary costume, and took his seat upon the Ministerial Bench amid loud and hearty cheering, which was by no means confined to the Conservative side of the House.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Indiana Legislature has defeated a Bill intended to allow husband and wife to testify against each other.

—BALDHEADED men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look, when viewed from above, like a cobblestone pavement.

—THE tribunal of Gossau, Switzerland, has fined the Municipal Council forty francs for permitting a suicide to be buried in a special and retired place in the cemetery.

—AN English paper says that rhododendrons are flowering out of doors in the Royal Botanical Gardens, Old Trafford. The proper time of blooming is about the middle of May.

—DURING the course of the past year 102,601 emigrants of British origin left ports of the United Kingdom at which emigration offices are established. More than fifty per cent. of the whole number sailed for the United States.

—AT present there have been 23,000 requests for space in the Exposition of 1878 from France alone, not including Algeria and the French colonies. Nor does this number include artists of any kind or anthropologists, who at this exhibition are to organize for the first time a methodical exposition of prehistoric antiquities.

—AN Austrian consular agent has published an account of a new cotton plant in Egypt. It bears on an average from forty-five to fifty pods, whereas the usual plant averages from twenty-five to thirty-five. For sowing, a smaller quantity of the new seed is required. The only drawback to the new plant is that it requires more water, and that the soil is thereby impoverished.

—ACTING SECRETARY of the Treasury Conant denies the statement that large amounts of currency returned to the Department for redemption, instead of being destroyed, were from time to time reissued for political and other purposes. He further states that this is the reproduction of an old story, and emanates from a discharged clerk, who was unsuccessful in his efforts to be reinstated.

—THE Anderson School of Natural History, in Massachusetts, seems to have found some difficulty in winding itself up. This, however, has been allayed by the opinion of the Attorney-General. He says that he sees no reason why the trustees may not be authorized to recover the property to the donor. The death of Professor Agassiz has proved even more speedily fatal to the institution than might have been anticipated.

—THE railway superintendents of roads running into Boston have refused to sell tickets at half-price to persons in the rural districts desirous of hearing Mr. Moody preach and Mr. Sankey sing. The objection made to the plan was at once lamentable and funny. It was urged that business men would come to the city on half-rate tickets under guise of going to the Tabernacle, and would then go to their places of business.

—THE number of iron sailing ships built upon the Clyde in 1876 exceed in numbers and tonnage the iron steam vessels. It is the first event of the kind in the history of the Clyde. The builders are all busy, in spite of the surplus of old shipping in European ports. Iron is rapidly taking the place of wood for sailing vessels, and merchants insist on buying new ones instead of old ones. Nothing except the most tempting terms effects the sale of an old ship.

—RUSSIA gained much influence, as well as territory, in Central Asia during 1876. The annexation of Khokand to her dominions is very valuable. The fertility of the country is great, and it has three large towns. The first is Khokand, numbering 60,000 inhabitants. The second, Manghelan, has a population of 50,000, and is noted for its silk factories. Audjan, the third, was, in the fifteenth century, the capital, but possesses at present little trade.

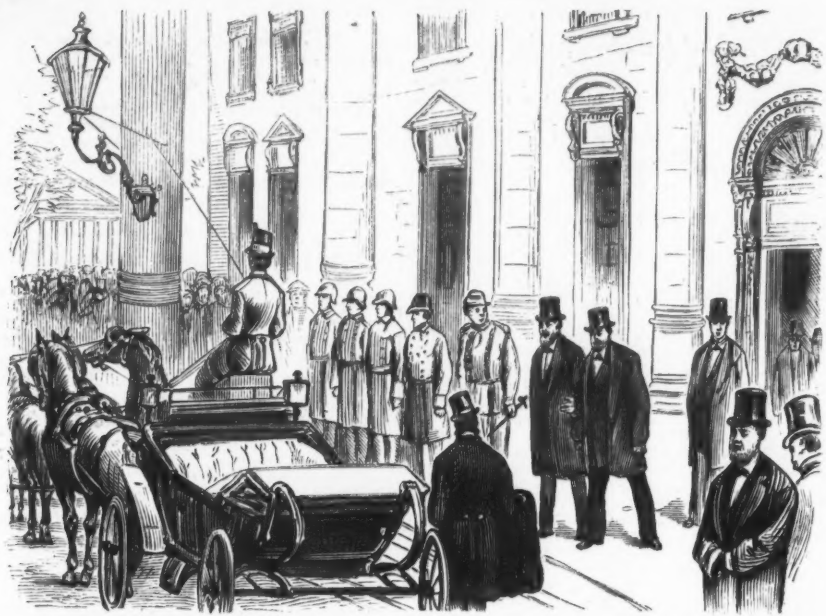
—STEPS have been taken to celebrate the centennial of New York State at Kingston. The convention which formed the first Constitution met there. The election for Governor and other State officers was held, and one hundred years ago, on the 30th of July, George Clinton was inaugurated first Governor at the Kingston Court-house and the first Legislature was organized. Arrangements are also to be made to commemorate the burning of Kingston by British troops on the 16th of October, 1777.

—IT is said that in Tasmania there is an insectivorous plant which grows in the crevices of rocky ground, is about six inches in height, with a single vertical stem, from which project one or two dozen small foot stalks, carrying small disks about one-half inch in circumference, fringed with tentacles. A sticky substance exudes from the ends of the tentacles and filaments, which effectually retain a fly, and at once convey it to the centre of the flower, which closes tightly over it, and, according to the report, the fly is "digested."

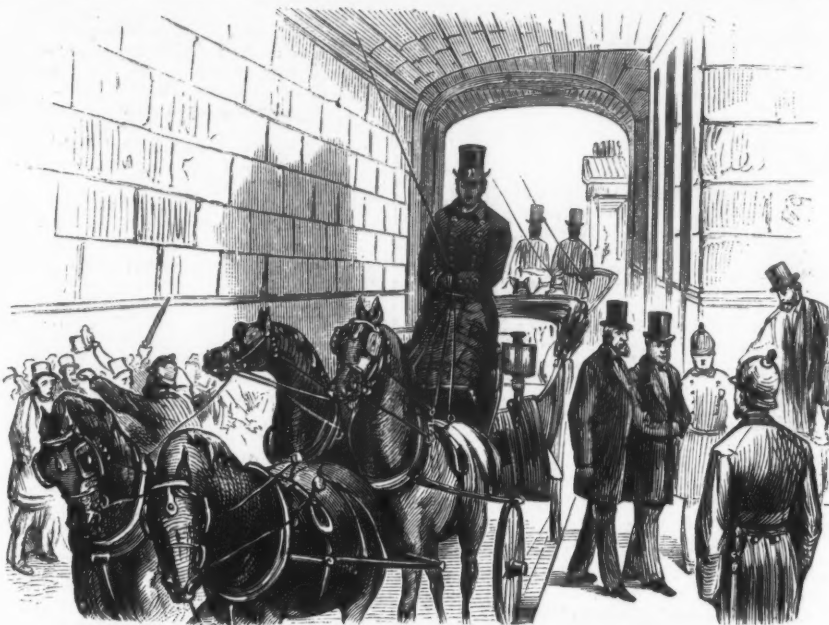
—THE new rules of the Boston Public Library reduce the time for which books may be drawn out from four to three weeks, and a renewal is necessary at the end of the first week. Books which have not been in the library six months cannot be kept longer than a week. The new regulations will undoubtedly enlarge the circle of readers and quicken the circulation of new volumes. The rapid transit of books from hand to hand has, however, its disadvantages. It promotes habits of skimming and superficial study.

—THE red fish of Wallows Lake, in California, are described as being blood red in color, very fat and weighing about eight pounds; and are preferred, when taken, to salmon. It is said there are only four lakes known in which this fish is found—Payette in Idaho, a lake in Maine, one in Scotland, and Wallows Lake. A company engaged in commercial fishing on the latter, frequently bring in a ton of red fish at a haul with a seine of medium length. Wallows Lake is two thousand feet deep, and the fish suddenly appear on the surface in August and disappear in December.

—GIACOMO SPOROCAMBI fills the trump of sounding fame with 2,160 mortal and immortal yards of macaroni, consumed in pursuance of a wager that he could engulf more of that Italian paste than a rival. It was served in dishes, each containing thirty-five yards of macaroni, details of accessories and cooking being left to the discretion of the contestants. At the end of the first mile (time, 22 minutes), Signor Sporocambi was 214 yards ahead, whereon he rested on his fork till his rival was within fifty yards of him, then started off again with a magnificent sport of 400 yards, at the end of which Signor Bevere gasped apoplectically that he was used—and filled—up.



THE OUTGOING AND INCOMING PRESIDENTS LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE, AT 10:30 A. M., FOR THE CAPITOL.



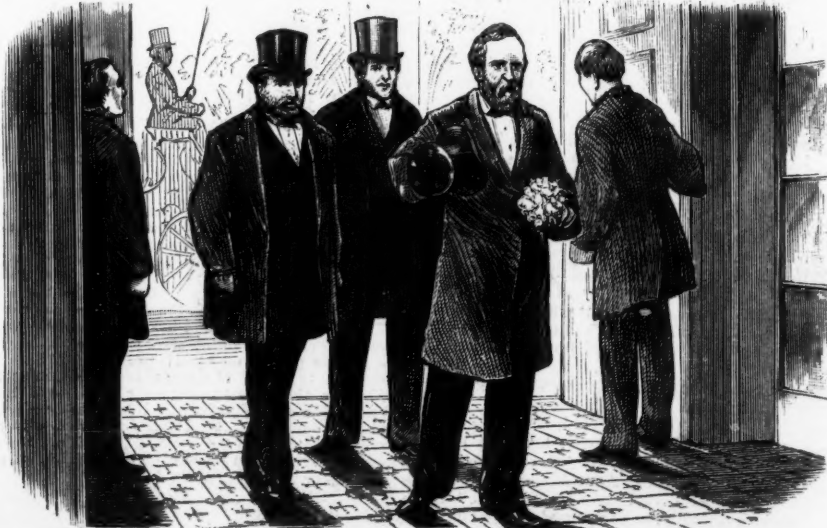
EX-PRESIDENT GRANT AND PRESIDENT-ELECT HAYES ARRIVING AT THE CAPITOL.



THE PROCESSION FROM THE SENATE CHAMBER TO THE EAST CAPITOL, FOR THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES.

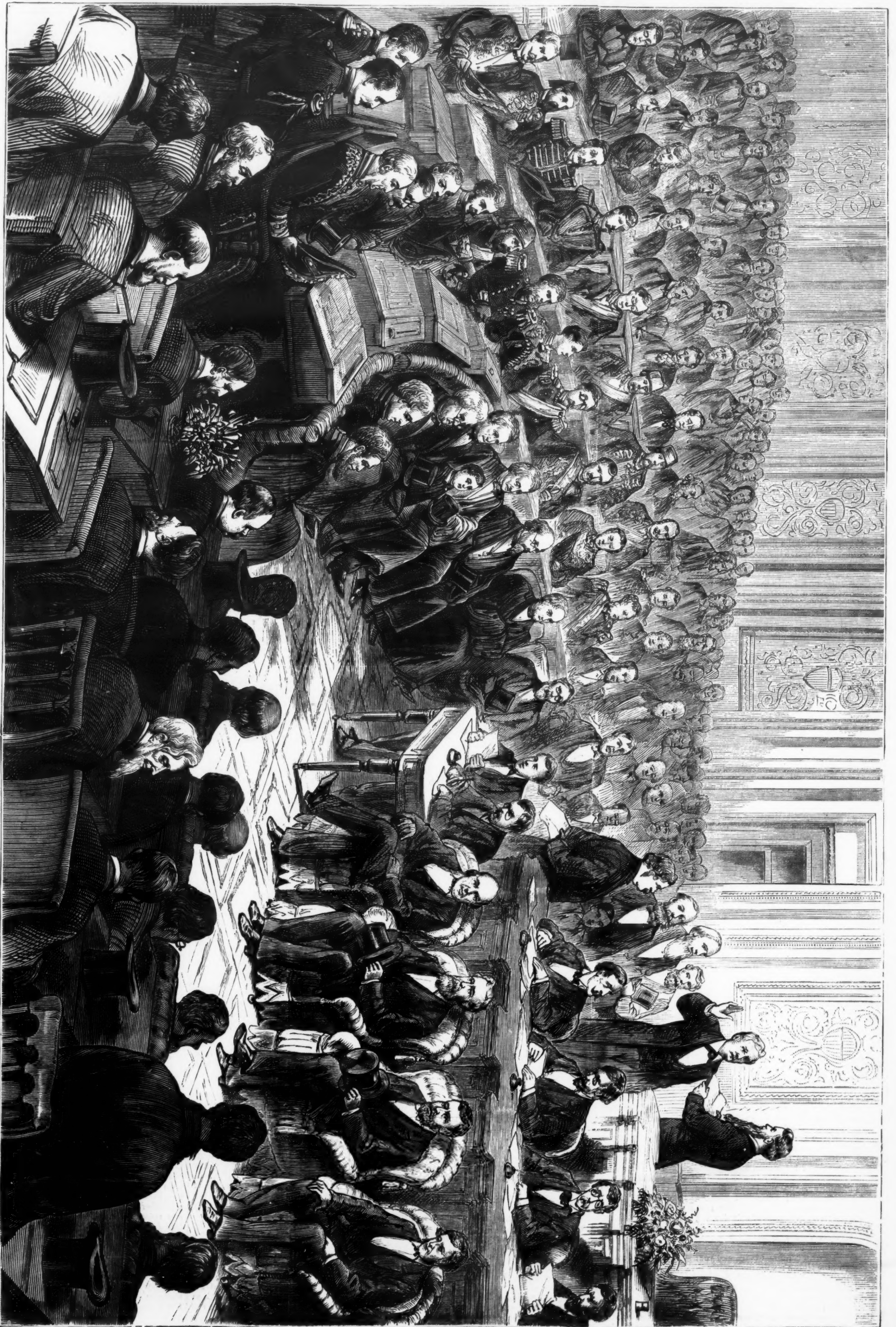


RETURNING TO THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER THE INAUGURATION.



PRESIDENT HAYES ENTERING THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CEREMONIES OF MARCH 5TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, ALBERT BERGHAUS AND HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 37.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE NEW ADMINISTRATION—PRE IDENT PRO TEM. FERRY ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE TO VICE-PRESIDENT WHEELER IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, MARCH 5TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, ALBERT BERGHAUS AND HARRY CORDER.—SEE PAGE 39.

MY DREAM.

MY love, my love, last night I dreamed of you!
I held you close and kissed your sighing mouth,
Your throat and chin, your cheeks and eyelids fair,
Your amber locks made tangled for a snare—
A rain of kisses after bitter drouth.

We stood, I dreamed, within a haunted wood;
Through ruined branches shone a pallid moon,
A solemn wind blew by us, and I heard
The querulous cry of some ill-omened bird,
Whose spectral eyes shone dreadful through the gloom.

And yet, I dreamed, we had no thought of fear—
How could I fear who knew you mine at last,
Sweet body and soul; who wrapped you garmentwise,
With my great love; who saw within your eyes
The clear, glad tears for anguish overpast?

My love, my love, your face was wan and white;
Your languorous looks had sad and eager grown;
Your mouth was grieved with praying of dull Death
To take your life, since suffering came with breath—
To take your life, since it must pass alone.

We did not fear; a sweet and subtle flame
Strung through our pulses; in our hearts we said:
Partings and tears and severed lives there be.
Others may part and suffer, but not we:
Great Christ has willed we should be comforted,

So went my dream. Would God my happy sleep
Had ended never, since the day is here,
And thou art not; would God my dream had been
But the fair gate where through we entered in
Death's land, and last night's bed our bier.

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BURKE O'FARRELL.

CHAPTER XII.—SOWING THE WIND.

THE Seigneur of Fiennes was far too royal an autocrat to be renounced upon slight provocation, and the county grandeens, although they had talked so big at first, and had advocated the standing on their own dignity, ended by swallowing the affront which they chose to imagine they had sustained at his hands, and one and all flocked up to the Court to do honor to its new possessor.

Perhaps they would have held out longer, only that Lord Addington was down at his seat, Bolston Priory, and was the first to look up his old friend, taking the Duke of Kingstown (M.F.H.), with him; and the others quickly followed suit, like a flock of sheep crossing a moor, that all jump over a straw in succession if their leader happen to have jumped over it before them; for a duke is a duke, there is no gainsaying the fact, and the gentlemen of the hunt, who had followed their noble master of fox-hounds over many an ugly rasper and sturdy bit of timber at the risk of their necks, would probably have followed him *ad infernos*, had he turned his horse's head in that direction.

Michael Fiennes was very grateful to the good-natured viscount for his friendly attentions, and for the kindness which had prompted him to bring His Grace under his wing, even though that kindness was mistaken; and he won the duke's heart out of hand by his pleasant manner and noble, manly courtesy, even while he failed to respond to that stalwart young nobleman's honest overtures of friendship, and declined all his pressing invitations under the plea of his ill-health and recent bereavement, which made him, he said, unfit for society.

"Well, I will not ask you to dinner, then," urged His Grace; "but you must come over to my bachelor-crib some day, and have a bit of lunch, and then we will have a look round the stables and kennels. By-the-by, I hear you have got a stud that can't be touched, even in the flying countries; and I expect you will be showing us all your horse's tails the first day we are out, for we are slow-going bumpkins down here. Still, I have some bits of horseflesh that feel like going, somehow, when you've got your legs across them. I should like to hear your opinion on them, so I shall look out for you some early day. I lunch at two generally, but mine is a bachelor establishment at present, so I am able to give my friends ten minutes' law."

"You are very kind, but—" "Oh, I never listen to buts!" answered the duke, cheerily. "My bachelor days are rapidly on the wane, now; surely, you won't refuse to help spend these last hours pleasantly. There will be a duchess in the question soon, and then I shall have to settle down into a sober, respectable Benedict. John, take up that near harness a hole. Gad, how the mare pulls! Now, Addington, are you coming?"

The viscount was whispering a few words earnestly to his friend.

"Now, Michael, you will come; won't you? Stuff and nonsense, man!—you cannot stay here always moping by yourself; why, you'd soon get as ghostly-looking as the spectral Sir Guzon, with his phantom sword, who perambulates the corridors occasionally, at midnight, in impalpable white satin and silk stockings. Your sense of honor is too morbidly acute, Michael; I reverence and respect you for it, but you are mistaken; indeed, you are! You will breed ill-will and bad feeling against yourself amongst these pompous and grandiose, but well-meaning and hospitable, country people; and the day may come when you will rue it if, instead of propitiating, you repel and incense them now from far-fetched notions of honor and honesty, which did remarkably well for the Simons and Launcelots of the days of chivalry, but are obsolete and impracticable in the nineteenth century. I am older than you by many years, Michael. I nursed you on my knee when you were in long clothes, with coral and bells, and your sleeves tied with blue ribbon; a devilish pretty little chap you were, too, even in those days." And Lord Addington looked up admiringly at the six feet three of noble, god-like humanity standing before him. "So you need not be ashamed to take my advice, which is, make a good friend of Kingstown; he is as honest as the daylight, and will stick by you through thick and thin. I know nobody so well able to carry you through, if your pride should bring you to

grief in the midst of a hornet's nest, down in this delectable neighborhood."

Michael Fiennes smiled, a sad, quiet smile, that soon faded from his dark features. "Thanks, old friend," said he, wringing Lord Addington's hand. "There are not many people in this world, who, if they knew what you do, would take the trouble to advise such a forlorn wail at all. Believe me, I am deeply grateful; none the less so, because I shall very likely not take the advice so generously given."

And he did not take it—further, at least, than by accepting the duke's hospitality to lunch, which, in one way, did him more harm than good, inasmuch as, like all other things, the news of it got abroad, and excited great ire amongst the lesser county families, whose pressing invitations he had almost uniformly declined, demonstrating most unmistakably, though with all due courtesy, that he wished to live as quiet and retired a life as was compatible with his high position in the county. "Twas like his confounded arrogance," said the disappointed worthies, who had feasted their eyes on the glories of the Court, and hoped to stow their legs on divers future occasions beneath Mr. Fiennes's mahogany. "Nobody but a duke was good enough for him!"

So it came to pass, before many weeks were over, that Henry Addington's prophecy was verified, and Michael Fiennes had sown the seed of as nice a crop of enemies as a man could well desire. He had disappointed every one's expectations; he had wounded them in their self-importance and selfish interests, and he, who might have been the most popular man in the county, had become the most unpopular, with spies and malcontent, both secret and declared, on all sides, who were ready to pick himself and his character to pieces, and make the most of any shred of information against him that might fall in their way.

Still, a man of Mr. Fiennes's important social standing could not be quarreled with openly, without some grave and tangible cause; so that when he appeared at public meetings, or in the hunting-field, he was always greeted with due deference. Besides, there was something in the noble majesty of his bearing, and the gracious sweetness of his manner, that commanded respect; he walked as a king through the world, and when he passed by, men were fain to bow down, and women smiled, in unconscious homage.

Ah, that irresistible dark beauty of his—that winning charm of grave and gentle courtesy no woman could withstand—either the one or the other. He came, he saw, he conquered; and amongst his conquests was Mrs. Bentinck Craven. She saw him for the first time in the neighborhood going to cover, one fine morning, when the gray clouds lay low on the horizon, and a gray mist half veiled the overhanging nut-bushes and high park palings on one side of the narrow halter path, as he rode leisurely along on his clever hack, with his tall figure looming through the fog, and the aroma of his choice cigar—it was always a wonder to his friends where the deuce Fiennes picked up his smoke—lying pleasantly on the damp, raw air.

By-and-by they came to a gate; Mr. Fiennes, a hundred yards ahead, opened it with the crook of his hunting-whip, and stood waiting until the party behind came up, raising his hat courteously as Mrs. Craven rode through. The lady smiled her thanks as she looked curiously up into the grand, dark-bearded face, and Michael Fiennes smiled his acknowledgments. Alas, that irresistible smile!—it did for the charming wife of old Bentinck Craven. And from henceforth all peace was ended for that notorious turfite, until he had, by prayers, entreaties and stratagems, induced the hero of Fiennes Court to give them the favor of his company to dinner.

At length, wearied out by importunity, Mr. Fiennes consented to go for the sake of peace; and that "quiet evening," spent in turning over Mrs. Craven's music and listening to her French and German love-songs, while her husband went to sleep in a great armchair by the fire, put the *dernier coup* to the ex-beauty's peace of mind. I am with sorrow obliged to confess it, however, that the faithless Genevieve failed to confide the history of this last *grande passion* to her fond and sympathizing Leonie.

But I am anticipating matters. Amongst the influx of visitors who flocked up to Fiennes Court, and were received with grave ceremony and patient resignation by its master, were Captain and Mrs. O'Reilly.

I am not quite convinced that it was strictly *en règle* for them to put in an appearance so early, taking all things into consideration: their comparatively recent settlement in the county, the somewhat vague nature of their family history, which, to say the least of it, was not quite so clearly defined as that of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, notwithstanding Barney's *soi-disant* descent from Brian Boru and the "owld ancient kings of Ireland"; and their slightly precarious standing in society, which, although doubtless exalted, was not founded on such a well-assured basis as to prevent them from occasionally feeling a trifle giddy, albeit I give them due credit for extraordinary clearness of head, acquired, no doubt, during a long practice of mental tight-rope dancing, over an elevated stage, with no cabbage-net beneath them to break a possibly ugly fall. But, then, neither Captain O'Reilly nor his wife went in for rigorous decorum; Hibernian warmth of heart, candor, and devil-may-care hospitality were the qualities most affected by Barney, and hitherto he had found them to pay.

Neither am I sure that it was rigid etiquette for a lady of Mrs. O'Reilly's years and attractions to call on a handsome bachelor, even with her husband, at least before he was on terms of intimacy with them. But Mrs. O'Reilly would go, in spite of her husband's remonstrances. She had set her heart on viewing for herself the glories of that magnificent suite of blue drawing-rooms of which she had heard so much; and on penetrating the aristocratic *demi-jour* of those shadowy halls and endless galleries, not guide-book in hand, as she had once done with a *douceur* to Mrs. Mifkins, who "showed her over," but as a visitor to the kindly owner of so much ancestral grandeur.

So one afternoon they rode over on horseback. "As you are so deuced obstinate and pig-headed,

and will go where I tell you you have no business to, we had best not have out the carriage," said Barney, with his customary politeness; "it will seem too ceremonious. We'll say we were just passing, and took the opportunity of calling in. I'll make an apology for you."

So Mrs. O'Reilly, who, as we have remarked, looked best on horseback, consented.

Fortune favored them, of course. Mr. Fiennes was at home, and they were conducted across the vast, shadow-haunted hall by the most stately and decorous of Polish servants, and ushered into the kingly presence of the last Fiennes of Fiennes, who received them with gracious and courtly hospitality.

The visit was a decided success. Leonie was charming, witty, sparkling, frank and unconventional, yet never going a shade beyond the mark, and Barney did the warm-hearted Irish officer, turned into the county gentleman, to perfection. Leonie inveigled Mr. Fiennes into showing her the gallery, with its art-treasures, and Captain O'Reilly made him promise "to look them up at their little box, and have a peep at the stables." Altogether they managed to make an unceremoniously long visit, and departed highly pleased with their proceedings.

The shadows of a soft November evening were falling as they rode slowly homewards through the everlasting twilight of that avenue of mighty oaks, where the dull thud of their horses' hoofs was muffled by the drifted and rolling leaves, and the gray and ghostly fog hung thick and dense over the far-off coverts. A little scheme was hatching in Mrs. O'Reilly's busy brain. She was not a selfish woman, and she had a regard for the welfare of her family; she could not possess Fiennes Court, but why should not her sister?

So that evening Mrs. O'Reilly sat down, and dictated a long letter to Miss Henrietta Skinner.

CHAPTER XIII.—A PLAY THAT WAS NOT "ON THE BILLS."

MISS HENRIETTA SKINNER was at this time residing at Portsmouth, that gay and desirable military station, where she was as well-known to the officers as the reading-rooms, the post-office, or any other public institution; and was duly pointed out to newcomers as one of the sights of the place. She lived with a mysterious but highly respectable elderly female, with weak, uncertain eyes, and nervously tremulous hands, who always dressed in black, carried a reticule, courtesied timidly to everybody promiscuously—Miss Skinner's numerous mustached military friends, the tradespeople, and the lodging-house keepers—she had even been known to courtesy to her own servant several times from force of habit.

The great merit of this worthy person, and the one which made her of such infinite service to Miss Skinner, was the ease with which, at a moment's notice, she could be turned into anybody or nobody. Sometimes, on pressing occasions, demanding the use of a maternal parent, she would be converted by a turned black silk and a widow's cap into Miss Skinner's "dear mamma"; at other times she was the relic of a captain in the navy who had been Henrietta's dear and valued governor; but, generally in public, she was "my poor old aunty," and in private she was Miss Skinner's housekeeper, caterer, "stage-dresser," and servant of all work.

At the period of which I am speaking, the fascinating and only sister of Mrs. O'Reilly was in the very heyday of her beauty, which was of the dashing order; she was a sparkling brunette of twenty-five (at least she said so), who dressed well, danced well, rode well, and was past mistress in all matters of flirtation; with a killingly fascinating manner, frank and vivacious in public, and a deuce of a temper in private, as Lieutenant La Touche used to say, and he ought to have known.

But in spite of her charms of mind and body (particularly the latter—most liberally displayed)—in spite of bouquets showered at her feet whenever she appeared before the footlights of appreciative provincial theatres, in spite of the amatory professions of leering old sinners, who offered her the valuable gift of their hearts, forgetting their hands; in spite of a lax stage-manager, who would let any one behind the scenes for the wherewithal to get drunk upon; in spite of champagne-breakfasts and, when she could not get those, of oyster-suppers—Miss Henrietta Skinner's maiden name still stuck to her, and she had never yet found any one rich enough or disinterested enough to invite her to retire from public life.

Not that Miss Skinner would have consented to retire, though, except under highly satisfactory terms of compensation, for she was a young lady who put a stiff price upon her favors, and had no idea of selling herself at a bad bargain.

Three years ago she had been the interesting and ill-used plaintiff in a breach-of-promise case, in which she had sued the fatherless heir to a rich baronetcy, who had wooed her in the dirty and odorous green-room of the Theatre Royal, Worcester, and vowed eternal constancy over a heap of lobster-shells and broken champagne-bottles at the Star and Garter, where he had given her, and two or three of her *amies particulières*, an excellent supper one Sunday night.

The broken-hearted Henrietta came to court in tears and a new French bonnet, and was complimented by the learned judge on the manner in which she had given her evidence, which was clear, concise, and to the purpose. "In fact, as if she had been accustomed to give evidence all her life," as the counsel for the defendant spitefully remarked. The damages were laid at £20,000—£2,000 were awarded to her, and Virtue left the Nisi Prius Court in merited triumph. Unfortunately there was one small hole in the ballad—the heir to the baronetcy did not possess twopence, and had, moreover, "gone abroad," leaving his few little accounts still unsettled.

After that, Miss Skinner discovered that the luxury of litigation was an expensive one, and, as her legal friends began to get clamorous, she thought it advisable to follow the bright example of her quondam lover; so, having got an excellent engagement in New York, she sailed for that city, where she managed to make a hateful of

coin, and returned to England in course of time with a comfortably lined purse.

At the time when Mrs. O'Reilly wrote that long and affectionate letter to her sister, of which we have spoken, Henrietta was enjoying for a while the retirement of private life; but, lest the devil should obligingly find "some mischief still for idle hands to do," she was usefully employing her leisure by trying to inveigle a certain young officer, whose regiment was temporarily quartered in the town, into matrimony.

Mrs. O'Reilly had given her a full and glowing account of the glories of Fiennes Court, and in less than a week she was on her way to Rokeby Hall, with all her worldly goods, consisting of various hair-trunks, and a huge French traveling-box, covered with black leather, about the size of a small house, at the bottom of which might have been found certain curiously shaped garments, much adorned with silver lace and tarnished spangles, slightly soiled flesh-colored tights, old white satin boots, fringed with gold, etc., etc., wrapped in coarse and dirty covers, labeled, "Burlesque dresses," "Aladdin," "Endymion," "Cinderella," or "Pages' and peasants' costumes," with a large assortment of stiff brocades, powdered wigs, fans, and red-heeled shoes, supposed to be the stage-attire of *Lady Teazle*, *Lydia Languish*, and other more exalted personages of the drama.

It was a cold, foggy night in the end of November when Miss Henrietta Skinner—enveloped in rugs and wrappings, with her dark beauty half shrouded by the thick Chantilly lace veil that adorned her stylish and imposing-looking hat, her trim feet *chaussés* in tasseled Hessians, which peeped daintily from beneath her short crimson petticoat, and a yellow-covered French novel, half tucked into a dark Russian leather traveling-bag—descended from a comfortable first-class carriage, and fell gracefully into the arms of her sister, who was waiting on the platform, to the envy and admiration of a breeched and mud-stained son of Nimrod, who, in pink and doekins, with his tired hunters in a horsebox behind, had been making himself killingly agreeable to the charming burlesque actress in mufti for the last quarter of an hour.

Captain and Mrs. O'Reilly had driven over to Knewstun in the wagonette to meet their guest; and Barney, who, to give the devil his due, was as hospitable as all Irishmen are, welcomed his sister-in-law with true Hibernian warmth and demonstration. Ten minutes after they were bowling along the dark country roads, with the trees rushing past them, to the tune of twelve miles an hour, and the lamps looming dimly through the fog, Barney tooling his chestnuts himself, a pair of nasty-tempered, unseasoned brutes, that kept him fully occupied, as they laid their heads viciously together, with their ears back, making up their equine minds for a bolt on the first opportunity.

However, the whole party got home with whole bones, thanks to Providence and Barney's Jehu-ship, and, after a capital little dinner, graced by a prime haunch of venison and some excellent dry champagne (for Barney was a thorough-going epicure), the ladies retired to the drawing-room, leaving Captain O'Reilly over his wine and filberts, while they discussed a variety of private and interesting subjects, telling each other all the news, with their own adventures and misadventures since they last met.

Mr. Fiennes, of course, was fully discussed. Mrs. O'Reilly gave her sister a full and particular account of the glories of the Court, the number of servants kept ("a princely retinue," as she remarked), the style of Mr. Fiennes's equipages, and, lastly, she described Mr. Fiennes himself in minute and glowing colors, as a "perfect angel of a man, as handsome as a demigod and as courtly as a king."

Miss Skinner, who had heard her sister's ecstasies on the subject of numerous other fascinating males during the course of her life, and who did not care twopence what the man was like as long as his income was all right, listened attentively, with her dark eyes fixed on the fire and her voluminous muslin petticoats daintily raised above her neatly-turned ankles as she rested her feet on the fender, and there and then she registered a vow in her own mind that she would be mistress of Fiennes Court if it was within the power of woman's wiles to accomplish that object; and when Miss Skinner had made up her mind to a thing it took a good deal to turn her from her purpose, for she was a young lady of much energy of character; moreover, she was not too particular about the means by which she attained her end, or, as she would have expressed it herself, she did not stick at trifles.

A charming person was Henrietta, but one whom it was decidedly dangerous to stroke up the wrong way—thwart or offend her, and she would never rest night or day until she had paid you out to the uttermost farthing.

The next thing was how to commence operations, for Mrs. O'Reilly had duly informed her sister of Mr. Fiennes's impenetrable reserve and retired mode of living, which somewhat complicated matters; but the two ladies laid their heads together the next day, and, in the course of the morning, matured a scheme for opening the campaign on the following Sunday.

Mr. Fiennes was a rigid Catholic, so Leonie said; but what was to prevent the charming Henrietta from becoming one also? At the present time she was nothing, and had an equal leaning towards any form of religion you could name, from Catholicism downwards, and would just as soon have become a Jumper or a Plymouth Sister, as a member of the Parliamentary establishment, and *vice versa*. Her tolerant soul being thus amiably free from all taint of bigotry, she felt no hesitation in following her sister's suggestion that she should forthwith become a zealous convert to the Ancient Faith, and that she should date her conversion a few years back, to avoid suspicion.

Of course this would necessitate Miss Skinner's attendance at Mass on Sunday, and, as the little Catholic chapel was situated on the outskirts of the Fiennes estate, she would be able to kill two birds with one stone—take a survey of her future home, and be presented to its stately master; for, on the whole, Mrs. O'Reilly thought she could not do less than chaperon her sister, even if she

was forced to relinquish the pleasure of "sitting under" the Reverend Anatasius Sympkin Jones in consequence.

And here Captain O'Reilly, sitting behind the Times, with his slippers feet sprawling half across the fireplace, laid down the newspaper, and put in his word.

"By the sowl of my fathers! it's schaming ye are for a husband already, Henrietta, and ye've not been in the house twelve hours. Arrah! did iver anny one see the like o' the women, good luck to 'em! Now, Henrietta, just look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have the horses put into the wagonette, an' it's meself'll drive you over. Gad! Fiennes is the man for yer money!" and Barney jingled two half-crowns and a shilling in his trousers-pocket; "regular broth-o'-boy is Fiennes, and by the holy pokers! we'll settle his hash for him entirely; do him brown, shut him up completely. We'll have a nice bit o' luncheon set on the table, an' bring him back to eat it—won't we, eh, Henrietta?" and Captain O'Reilly fell into a succession of nods and leers, winked knowingly at Henrietta, and exhibiting all his teeth under his long, drooping mustache in his most fascinating manner. "I've a bit of horseflesh, too, that I'd like to have his opinion on; devilish good judge o' horseflesh is Fiennes, and he'll give you any figure for a mount he takes a fancy to, I've heard." The last remarks were made in a sort of aside to himself; and then Barney fell to picking his teeth thoughtfully with a quill, while he run over the list of desirable animals he had been longing to get rid of for the last two seasons—Sally-in-our-Alley, the incorrigible jibber; the brown mare, No. 7, in the ten-stall stable, that Benson said was safe to get lame before Christmas; or the Benicia Boy, that showy, raking chestnut, with his fine sloping shoulders and powerful stride, that made nothing of fifteen feet of water or the ugliest Oxer that ever grew on the Leicestershire pastures.

Ah! yes, he ought to get a cool three hundred for the Benicia (by Cockpit out of Flighty-minx); to be sure he was the conglomeration of all the vices that horseflesh is heir to; but then, what commanding height, what squareness and cleanliness of limb, what depth of girth, and what a coat! Why, John could shave by it without ever applying to the cracked glass in the saddle-room—"three hundred pounds down on the nail for the Benicia Boy, John—I'd not take a farthing less; no, by the shade of Heenan, I won't!" and Captain O'Reilly brought his hand down on the table with an unconscious force that startled him from his horse reverie. After that he sat and shouted to the parlor-maid to bring his boots, and, having put them on in the drawing-room with refreshing absence of all ceremony, sallied forth to the stables to have another look at the Benicia Boy, the jibber, and the bolter.

(To be continued.)

Artists' Anachronisms.

The illustrations to Newton's Bible, which was published in 1771, contain some curious errors and anachronisms that are little known. Solomon is being anointed under the shadow of a pyramid; and the destruction of Dagon takes place in a building very similar to St. Paul's Cathedral in London. David is singing before the ark from a scroll that is conveniently held in front of him by a winged but legless cherub; and Sapphira dies in the streets. In a picture representing the death of the lying prophet, the dead man wears a coat and trousers; and in another, in depicting Elijah and the priests of Baal, there is an altar but no surrounding trench. Perhaps the most flagrant engraving in the collection is one of Daniel's dreams, which introduces four great beasts that do not in the least answer the description of them given in the text. Fortunately for the credit of the artist involved, all the pictures are anonymous, but some are known to have been executed by very eminent men. Brughel, in an "Adoration of the Magi," introduces the Ethiopian in a surplice, booted and spurred, who is presenting a model of the comparatively modern man-of-war to the infant Jesus. All these instances are so absurd and innocent that they require no comment; but one, discovered in a prayer-book published in the reign of William and Mary, is so very ludicrous that it suggests a doubt as to whether it was not the work of a wag. The parable of the mote and the beam is the subject of the picture, and from the eye of one man a huge log of wood is protruding, while from that of the other is a very fine cascade. Probably the artist was afraid to risk his reputation upon still water, and therefore felt justified in turning the mote into a torrent, in order to let people know what he meant. Another picture, of about the same date, represents a pair of copper scales falling from St. Paul's eyes on his recovery from blindness; and it is not unlikely that two curiosities owe their existence to the same inventive brain and cunning pencil. In one of the churches at Bruges is a picture of the legendary marriage of Christ with St. Catherine of Siena. St. Dominic, in full canonicals, is performing the ceremony, and King David is complacently looking on playing the harp. Carlo Maratti, in an "Annunciation," introduces a pair of sciss-sors, and an unknown artist, representing the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda, paints an angel with a very long pole, vigorously stirring the waters of a very small pond until they are white with foam. Pietro di Cortone, in a painting now in Paris, depicts, with great success, the meeting and reconciliation of Jacob and Laban in the mountains of Mesopotamia; but the truth of the ideal is rather hurt by the distant apparition of a church steeple. N. Poussin's "Deluge" with boats, and "St. Jerome" with an eight-day clock before him, are matters of history; and the pictures of the boiled lobsters in the sea listening to St. Anthony of Padua are scarcely less celebrated.

Rachel and Sarah Felix.

It would be difficult to explain to American readers why Sarah Felix was famous, since she never showed the dramatic talent of her sisters. When it is stated that she was the elder sister of Rachel, the readers of the latter's biographies will comprehend the person. Many years ago the Felix family belonged to the class known as *salimbanques*, or the jugglers, tumblers, and traders of the country fairs. One day Sarah and Rachel Felix, aged respectively four and three years, were

left together by the roadside while their parents were engaged at the fair. The little Rachel saw a lot of cakes, and at once felt hungry. She began to cry for them, and Sarah tried to calm her. When the people stopped to inquire what was the matter they were reassured by the smiles of the two children. Suddenly an idea came into Sarah's mind. She began to sing, and her infantile voice at once attracted a crowd. Little Rachel adopted her role instinctively. She too sang, and demurely passed round her apron to receive the sous that poured in upon her. The two ran off to buy cakes, and were so delighted with their success that they tried it again and again, gorging themselves with gingerbread every day. At length Father Felix caught them at the trick, and from that moment the two children were taken into his service, and forced to perform for his benefit.

This was the beginning of Rachel's dramatic career. When the family came to Paris, Rachel pursued her studies, and Sarah helped the mother tend a home that was poorly provided, and was often without sufficient bread. Sarah performed the same duties when her sister became rich and famous, and was noted as a *bonne femme de ménage*. She accompanied her sister, taking the admirers of her hands when there was a superfluity, and attending in the role of a *soubrette* the gay dinners and suppers which princes gave to the great actress. Rachel died young, as every one knows, leaving young children to be cared for, and when Mother Felix died, Sarah became the mother of the family. She had, besides, her younger sister, Lia Felix, now a famous artist in the tragic drama. And Sarah did so well for this numerous family, that she became universally respected. When money became scarce she bravely went into trade, and brought out her famous "Fairy Water," which is the most prominent cosmetic of the day. She gained a considerable fortune by it, and, after providing for all the Felix family, built a home for herself. The other night she was at the theatre, and on going out, she could not find her carriage. Taking a cab home, she found her coachman drunk. On ringing the bell she got no response, the porter being in the same condition; and going up-stairs, she found the lamps extinguished and the rooms full of bad odors. She flew into a rage at this spectacle, as any woman would, perhaps, and began to reproach her chamber-maid. Suddenly she cried, "Oh, my head! my head!" and fell upon a sofa. Poor Sarah Felix was attacked with paralysis of the brain, and died from it a few hours afterwards.

A Curious Calculation.

A RAPID penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of a rod—sixteen feet and a half. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a third, a mile. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make four hundred and eighty-eight to each second; in an hour twenty-eight thousand eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; and in a year of three hundred days, forty-three million two hundred thousand. The man who made a million strokes with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four million. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark three hundred miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet, we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average, three and a half to four.

The Army of Japan.

On the 1st of September, 1876, the whole regular military force of the Empire of Japan numbered 33,752 men and 1,517 horses. This not very imposing army is divided as follows: Infantry, 30,630; cavalry, 431; artillery, 1,694; engineers, 749; commissariat, 194; coast artillery, 54. The Imperial body-guard contains 3,791 men and 388 horses, and is represented by all the branches of the service. The capital is garrisoned by 7,378 men and 683 horses. Japan has gained immeasurably by centralization and the destruction of the feudal system. Under the ever-conflicting rule of the great and little Daimios or princes, each asserting a sort of feudal sovereignty in his own dominions, more than 100,000 soldiers were kept constantly under arms and pay, and most of the time engaged in big or little enterprises of civil war. These feudal armies are now all disbanded, and the comparatively small regular force, armed, organized and disciplined according to the standard of the Western nations, is found sufficient to maintain peace throughout the Empire and enforce the laws.

The Feminine Sense of Humor.

THAT humor is a thing of late and slow growth may, perhaps, be seen in the want of it in women. Just as they cherish a number of ideas and institutions that tend to become obsolete among men, so they are tardy and backward in their appreciation of humor. Thackeray notices that Helen Pendennis read Shakespeare, "whom she pretended to like, but did not"; and what repels women like Helen Pendennis is the humor of Shakespeare. They are too much shocked by the laxness of Falstaff's moral character, and by the grossness of Bardolph, to be able to disengage the fun of these and similar characters. They are far too earnest; they do not hold lightly enough to their convictions to discern the infinite jest of his perfect ease and indifference. Like the Weddells, they are not ashamed to say that they "don't see what there is to laugh at." In the same way, Charlotte Bronte could never forgive what she thought the levity of Thackeray. In the encounter of the gravest things in life with the slightest and most unconsidered vanities, in the contrasts which are fruitful in humor, women are generally too much absorbed by what is serious to be alive to laughable incongruities.

Presidents' Mates.

WASHINGTON was married, but had no children. Adams was married, and had one son, whom he lived to see President. Jefferson was a widower; his wife died twenty years before his election. They had six children, all daughters, of whom only two survived infancy. Madison was married, but had no children. His wife was the most elegant woman that ever adorned the Presidential mansion. She survived him, and was for many years the pride of Washington society, having lived to listen to Henry Clay's farewell speech in the Senate. Monroe was married, and so was John Quincy

Adams. Jackson was a widower, and so was Van Buren and Harrison. Tyler was a widower when he entered office, but soon afterwards married the heiress, Miss Gardiner. He was the only President that married during his term of office. Polk was a married man, and his wife survived him a number of years. General Taylor was a widower. Pierce was a married man, but Buchanan was a bachelor. The social condition of such men as Lincoln, Johnson and Grant need no reference, except to add that Grant is the first President who had a daughter married while in office.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Culinary Madness.—A peculiar phase of insanity has made its appearance in France, occurring among cooks. It is supposed to be due to the carbonic oxide given off by the charcoal stoves so largely employed in culinary operations. It is characterized by hallucinations of sight and hearing, vertigo, oppression and syncope. The patient generally believes himself the victim of persecution.

The Mississippi Jetties.—The New Orleans journals say that there can be no doubt of the success of Captain Eads' jetties. It is said that the channel between the jetties is everywhere more than 200 feet in width for a depth of twenty feet at average flood tide. Thus vessels are sure of having a much wider and deeper channel across the bar than has ever been offered at the Southwest Pass.

Liquid for Hot Baths.—It is often necessary to heat substances in baths which will not boil except at very high temperatures. For this purpose alloys of metals, oils, a solution of salt in water, are taken. Some of these are expensive, and others corrode the vessels in which they are heated. It is now proposed to substitute a solution of chloride of lime in glycerine, which does not boil below 572° to 626° Fahr., and has the advantage of not attacking vessels or of freezing.

A New Fire-damp Alarm.—We recently published an observation made by Woehler fifty years ago, and subsequently more thoroughly studied by Graham, that fluely divided palladium had the property of taking up a large quantity of hydrogen gas, and of remaining red-hot in a mixture of gas and air at the expense of the hydrogen by the compound. It is proposed to use this property as a fire-damp alarm in mines. A safety-lamp provided with palladium would give timely warning by the glowing of the metal that it was time to purify the air of the mine or to beat a retreat.

Lead-boring Insects.—M. Bode writes to *Dingler's Journal* that he has discovered an insect with an uncommonly powerful biting apparatus and a prong-like prolongation of the after-part of the body, which attacks the pine used for the outer walls of the lead chambers in sulphuric acid works, and on meeting the lead it continues its operations, producing a perfectly round hole, which is contracted conically in front. The insect is, of course, killed by the issuing vapors and acid. It will be necessary to use dry wood in constructing the chambers, as that is not attacked by the insect.

The Study of Aromatic Nitro-Compounds.—Mr. P. Townsend Austen, of the School of Mines, Columbia College, and subsequently of the University of Berlin, has published an important pamphlet on an interesting group of compounds, from the study of which has resulted so many discoveries in synthetic chemistry. Starting with such a substance as benzole, which has long been known, the modern chemist has been able to prepare artificial oil of bitter almonds, aniline dyes and a vast number of substitution, replacement and transformation compounds, most of which possess a purely scientific interest at present, but are likely to attain practical importance in the future. The literature of the subject has been very carefully collated by Mr. Austen, and the reader finds continual references to original memoirs.

Effect of Artificial Illumination on the Air of Rooms.—Dr. Eismann has recently been examining the effect produced on the composition of the air of dwellings by the gases of combustion of stearine candles, rape oil, petroleum and illuminating gas, and also the variations of temperature at different heights. These experiments were performed in a room of ten cubic metres capacity, inclosed by wooden and glass walls. As a result of these researches, it appears that petroleum, with lamp of good construction, communicates to the atmosphere not only less carbonic acid, but (which is much more important) fewer products of imperfect combustion, than the other lighting materials; and that stearine candles of equal illuminating effect vitiate the air most. Rape oil and gas were found to raise the temperature considerably more than petroleum. On the whole, both for steadiness of light, influence on the atmosphere, and effect on the eyesight, preference is accorded to petroleum.

Novel Use of Paper.—During the last few years, paper has found constantly increasing uses. Boats, car-wheels, furniture, clothing, roofing, are a few of the new applications of this material. We now hear that a sheathing of paper is employed on ships to protect them from weeds, shells or barnacles. The discovery of this use was made by accident. A short time since a vessel was placed in the dry-dock at Portsmouth, England, for examination and repairs. For some unexplained purpose several sheets of sheathing-paper were attached to the bottom of the ship by marine-glue, and left there after the vessel was launched. On the return of the ship after a long voyage, it was found that while the bottom was everywhere overloaded with barnacles, the part protected by the paper was absolutely free from them. Experiments were immediately instituted, which served to confirm previous observations, and a patent was immediately obtained for papering ships' bottoms. As the paper can be saturated with poisonous chemicals, it will serve to protect the ship from the boring insects, as well as from accumulation of weeds and barnacles.

The Chemistry and Composition of the Porcelains and Porcelain Rocks of Japan.—We have received advanced sheets of the *American Chemist*, containing a learned and elaborate report on the porcelain minerals and porcelain ware of Japan, as shown at the International Exhibition of 1876, by Professor Henry Wurtz, one of the Judges of Award. At a time when ceramic minerals and materials are attracting so much attention from artists, as well as from scientific men, a contribution of this character will be especially welcomed. Professor Wurtz touches no subject which he does not adorn, and the present will add to his reputation for exhaustive thoroughness in any work which he undertakes. After a few introductory remarks, the minerals used for pottery in Japan are catalogued and discussed. Then follows a description of the leading quarries, illustrated by cuts. He gives the history of ceramics in Japan; the preparation and manipulation of the minerals; preparation of samples for analysis; methods of analysis; results of analysis; microscopic structure of the Japanese porcelain, with cuts of sections, prepared by Dr. Julien, of Columbia College. The report closes with a study of the densities and molecular volumes of different varieties of porcelain and kaolin, and he arrives at the novel and surprising fact that in the alteration of feldspars into kaolin there is a great molecular condensation of matter. If the other judges would imitate Professor Wurtz, and give us reports of equal value, we should have an invaluable cyclopaedia of technology as the result.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

TRN of the reigning sovereigns of Europe are attached to the Church of Rome.

SIR JAMES PAGET has succeeded the late Sir William Fergusson as Sergeant-Surgeon to Queen Victoria.

M. JOSEPH AUTRAU, poet, and one of the "immortals" of the French Academy, died on the 6th, at Paris.

THE Rev. Charles F. Deems was recently in Augusta, Ga., and received a hearty welcome from the people.

MATILDA HERON, an actress, best known for her representations of *Camille*, died in New York on the 7th, aged 47.

THE death was announced last week of Dr. Johann Jacoby, a well known German political leader of the radical type, at the age of 71.

HERR JOACHIM, the distinguished musician, has recently received from Cambridge University the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

JOSIAH HENSON, the original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," was received by Queen Victoria and the royal family at Windsor Castle on the 5th.

HON. F. J. MOSES, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and father of ex-Governor Moses, died on the 6th, aged about 70.

THE executors of the late Duke of Galliera have paid in one check the enormous sum of £100,000 sterling probate duty on his property in France alone.

DR. GORDON BUCK, a well-known surgeon of New York, and an officer of all the leading charitable institutions, died on the 6th, in the seventieth year of his age.

JOSEPH L. LEWIS, who died in Hoboken, N. J., at the age of 87, on the 6th, bequeathed \$1,000,000 to the United States Government towards paying the national debt.

THE Earl of Caithness is of a mechanical turn of mind. He has invented a tape-loom, a steam-carriage to run on ordinary roads, and a gravitating compass, which is said to be the steadiest known.

THE Pope is reported to be at present remarkably well. He wants the Ecumenical Council to reassemble at Rome; but the cardinals object to the council being held in a city garrisoned by Italians.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE has been re-elected President of the London Woman's Educational Union. Over 1,600 women are now availing themselves of the means provided by the Union for obtaining a higher education.

ONLY four foreign princes not reigning sovereigns are knights of the British Order of the Garter. These are, the Crown Prince of Germany and his son Prince William, Prince Louis of Hesse, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

ON attaining his sixtieth birthday, Dr. Leopold von Ranke, the well-known German historian, received congratulatory letters from the Emperor and Empress, that from Her Imperial Majesty being accompanied by the gift of a portrait of the Emperor William.

ENGLISH papers say it is no longer a secret that Queen Victoria is in a precarious state of health. One authority states that she is quite unable to bear the heated atmosphere of crowded rooms, which affects her in precisely the same way as the passage from Dover to Calais affects so many delicate travelers.

THE Prince of Wales intends shortly visiting Australia and New Zealand, with a view of familiarizing himself with colonies which will, probably, in a few years be under his sway. He will also land at the Cape of Good Hope. Having visited Canada and the West Indies, there will then be but few regions under British rule of which he will not have gained personal knowledge.

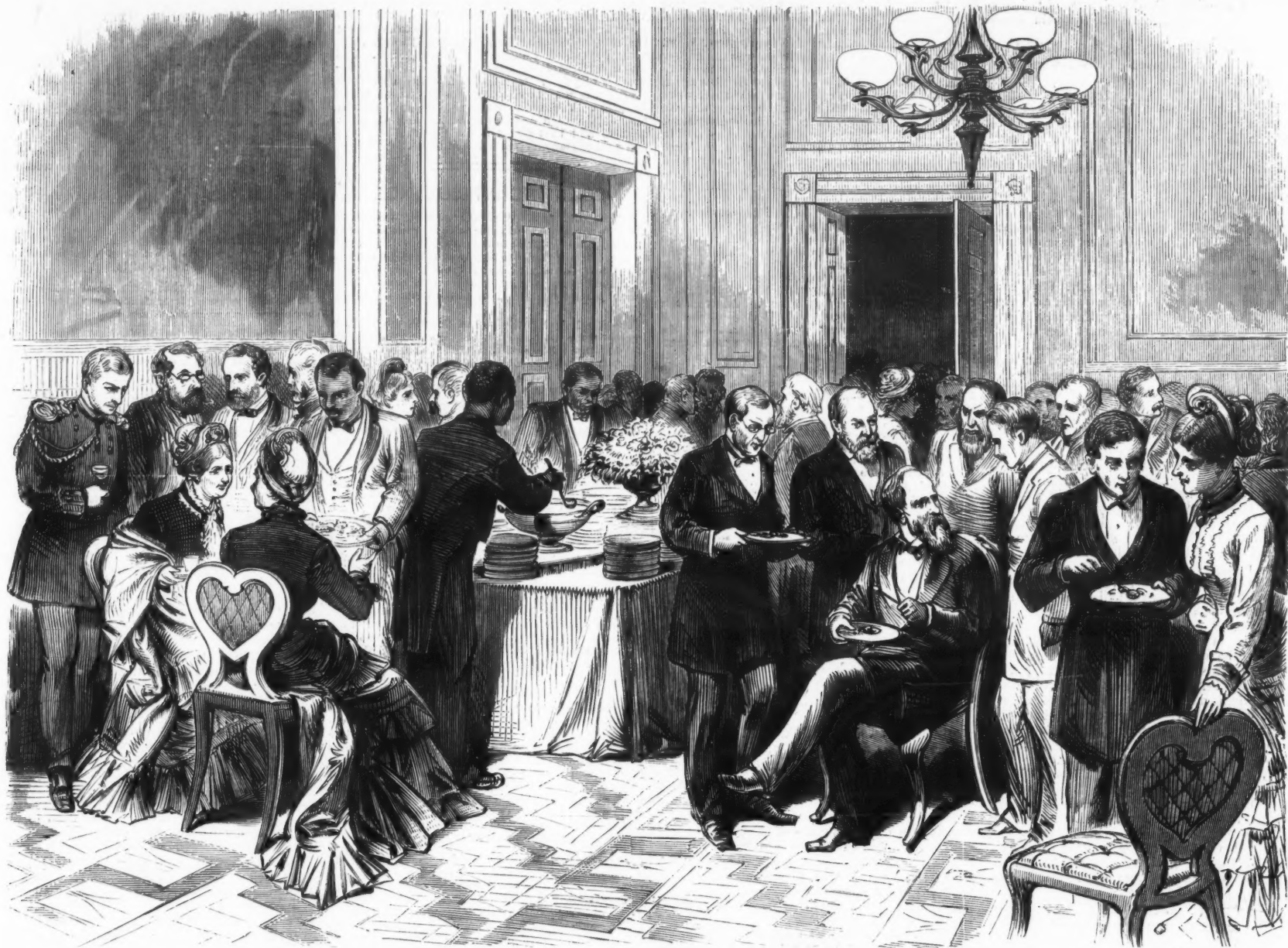
IT is reported that at the meeting of the Congress of Orientalists, in Florence, this year, the daughters of Professors Wassilief and Gottwald, distinguished Russian Orientalists, will act as the official interpreters for the Russian members of the Congress. These gentlemen, who have Chinese, Persian, Turkish and other Eastern languages at their tongues' ends, curious enough, don't know Italian.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, once Confederate Minister of War, but a Queen's Counsel enjoying the largest commercial practice at the English Bar, lately returned all his briefs for the Guildhall sittings, accompanied by checks for the fees he had received with them, because all his time would be taken up by the causes at Westminster Hall, and he did not think it right to retain payment for business to which he could not attend.

THE father and grandfather of General Miles, the Indian fighter, were natives of Petersham, Mass. The grandfather's name was Joab, who was a member of Captain John Wheeler's company, which left, April 19th, 1775, for Cambridge. He was also sergeant in Captain Wing Spooner's company, and left soon after the Battle of Bennington (August 16th, 1777) to reinforce Colonel John Stark. The father, Daniel, removed to Westminster, where the famous son was born.

JOEL T. HART, an American sculptor, who recently died in Florence, Italy, was born in an humble station in life in Clark County, Ky., in 1810. He worked as a mason, but, having a taste for reading, acquired a fair education. Having in 1830, whilst working in a stone-cutter's establishment at Lexington, learned to use the chisel to some effect, he was induced to attempt modeling in clay. General Jackson, then President, sat to him, and Cassius M. Clay gave him his first order for a bust in marble. In 1859 he finished at Florence a marble statue of the late Henry Clay, the model which he had taken from life in 1846. A colossal bronze statue of Henry Clay, upon which he was engaged in 1860-1, on the order of the City of New Orleans, was left on his hands, in consequence of the war, for some time, but was finally taken by the city.

THE most conspicuous of the unofficial foreign agents in Paris is the Princess Troubetskoi. She has been in the company of all the celebrated people of the day—statesmen, poets, novelists, painters, sculptors, soldiers, travelers, scientific men, singers, players—looking upon them all with mere curiosity and no sympathy or respect; is able to turn a compliment so as to gratify vanity; has a plenty of fluent small talk, and has that magnetism which title and wealth exert all the world over. Her social position gives her access everywhere she pleases to go. She uses it chiefly to attend all the sittings of the Senate Chamber of Deputies, going to whichever house may have the most important proceedings, and never failing to attend one of them. She uses her social position, too, to attend all receptions and balls, and other entertainments given by Marshal MacMahon and by the Ministers. She herself holds weekly receptions, to which everybody goes—M. Thiers, M. Gambetta, the Aragos, M. Wilson, M. Robert Mitchell, Messrs. Jules Simon, De Castellare, Deputies and Senators of all parties, literary men, and newspaper writers.



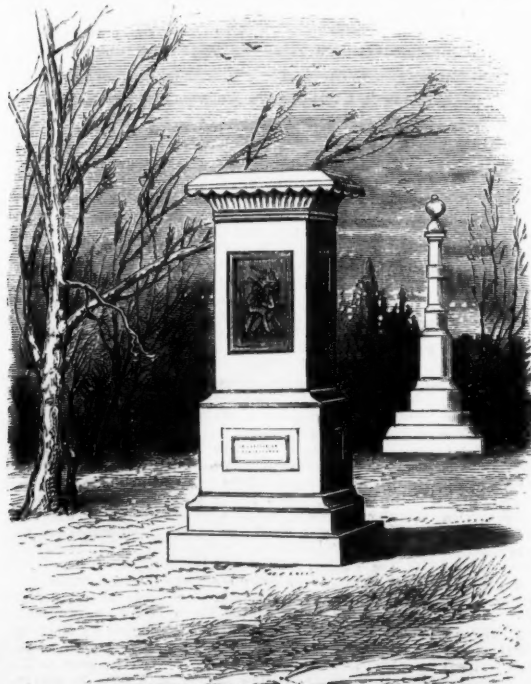
WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES—MRS. GRANT ENTERTAINING PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES AND PARTY AT LUNCH, IN THE WHITE HOUSE, AFTER THE INAUGURATION, ON MARCH 5TH. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, ALBERT BERGHAUS AND HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 37.

GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE.

THE remains of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, are interred on the western verge of the grounds of the State Cemetery at Frankfort. Looking over the deep declivity, the eye glances through the tree-tops, from crag to crag and downward until it rests on the quiet river one thousand feet below. It is only of late years that the graves of Boone and his faithful wife have been marked by anything save a rude grouping of natural objects, and the two tall sycamore trees which are seen to the right of the engraving. Upon one of these was nailed a piece of wood taken from some far-off tree which bore Boone's name, cut by a knife in his own hand, but this has been removed as a relic to a place of greater security, and is exposed to view in the State House. The present monument is of Kentucky marble, a beautiful stone, very light in color. Four bas-reliefs in marble are exhibited on the sides illustrative of scenes in the eventful career of himself and his wife Rebecca. Unfortunately these reliefs were seriously injured during the war, many pieces having been chipped off by the soldiery.

THE COSMOSCOPE.

THE instrument exhibited before the American Geographical Society on Monday evening, February 5th, and by further invitation before a few prominent members upon the following Monday evening, was suggested by a conversation of Chief-Justice Daly with the inventor, upon the subject of the precession of the equinoxes. The instrument shown in the illustration presents all the motions, angles and phenomena which occur in the real system of the earth.



KENTUCKY.—THE GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE, IN THE FRANKFORT CEMETERY.

The periodical eclipses of the sun and moon, with the nutations, phases and changes of the latter, expound by ocular demonstration the occurrences and their causes. The sun is represented by a flame, situated above the centre of a round table, upon which is figured a star-chart, bounded by the twelve signs of the zodiac. The outer end of a slender arm, extending from the centre, is surmounted by a globe, upon which the light emitted by the flame is condensed by a lens, which distinguishes the day from the night side of the earth; and as the axis about which the globe rotates is poised at the same angle of inclination to the plane of its orbit as that of the earth is to the plane of its orbit about the sun, the same phases of illumination are presented upon both globes. The rising and setting of the sun and moon, the changing lengths of days and nights in different latitudes, the changes of the seasons, the long polar night and day, are all seen to occur in their proper order of succession.

As the globe is carried about the sun in its annual revolution, the stroke of a bell announces the instant it is passing that position in its orbit known to astronomers as its "vernal equinox," which calls attention to the fact that it has arrived at its equinox a little before gaining the point among the stars at which it occurred upon the preceding year. This backward shifting of the equinoxes finally carries them about the entire circle of the zodiac, and as gradually changes the direction of the globe's axis of rotation, which sweeps away from its position of pointing to the pole star, describing a circle of the heavens subtending an angle of forty-seven degrees as the poles of the earth do. When the equinoxes have thus completed an entire revolution of the earth's orbit, and are again occurring in the same point among the stars, as they now are, the North Pole will again point to the pole-star only to glide away from it as before.

SMALL CHANGE—WHAT OUR METAL CURRENCY IS MADE OF.

ALL nations have found it convenient to have a token currency, representing fractions of the monetary unit, the value of which is arbitrary, which have less intrinsic worth, for export, than their nominal value, but which, so far as the particular country is concerned, are legal tender and have an exchangeable value in certain limited amounts. The innumerable petty transactions in which a small service is to be required or a small purchase settled, could not be easily effected without some such medium, and the ease with which their arbitrary value is known by the people and the imperishableness of the material of which they are made, besides their convenience and portableness, have made coins to be preferred for such uses above every other sort of money.

Small coins should not exist in quantities above or below the actual demand for them for the purposes of the petty exchanges indicated; and it is easy to regulate supply and demand in such cases by the simple process of making them readily redeemable. The public themselves will take care that there is neither plethora nor scarcity of small money. The Government, having a profit on this sort of coinage, will always put enough of it on the market, and the people, determined not to be inconvenienced by an excessive stock of change, will always limit the issue by exercising their right of conversion.

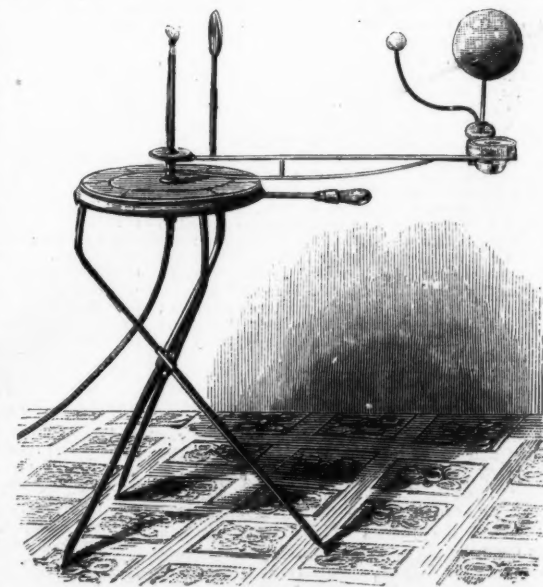
Small coins should always be of the finest workmanship, to prevent imitations by counterfeiters. For coins of low denomination, what is called nickel alloy is the best material. In 1876 this country had \$11,000,000 worth of these token coins of five, three, two and one cent—about twenty-five cents per capita. France had \$8,000,000 worth, or twenty cents per head. The old copper and bell-metal coinage of France was about \$9,000,000. Belgium had eighty cents per capita. The proportion of copper to gold and silver in the coinage of France, antecedent to the adoption of the new style of coinage, was two per cent. In Russia, from 1762 to 1811, the proportion was sixty-five per cent. Switzerland has thirty-five cents per capita of German silver coins; Germany, forty-five cents; Europe, taken at the average, about forty cents. On this basis it would seem as if the token coinage of a country should be at least forty cents per capita, which for the United States would be \$15,000,000.

Authorities differ about the material to be used in the manufacture of small coinage. A perfect material should be cheap, handsome, not easily oxidizable nor subject to rapid chemical changes;

capable of being readily melted, rolled, punched and stamped, giving a good, distinct impression of the die, durable in wear and hard to counterfeit. Several metals have been employed, either pure or in alloy, to fill these requirements. The chief have been copper, bronze, German silver, copper and silver, aluminum and aluminum bronze. Of these, aluminum is pretty, but hard to procure and easily oxidizable. Copper has been very generally used by most countries in the manufacture of new grade coins; it is cheap and easy to work, but ready to oxidize; soft, and bad in smell. If made into coins of intrinsic value, approaching nominal value, it is too bulky; if the coins have a denomination high above intrinsic value they can be counterfeited with facility. Bronze makes a very beautiful coin, particularly clear and distinct in the impression—more so, in fact, than either silver or gold. The alloy now used in this country, England and France, under the title of bronze, consists of ninety-five parts of copper, four of tin and one of zinc. Except as to appearance, however, bronze is liable to pretty much the same objections that lie against copper.

The alloy of twenty-five parts nickel to seventy-five parts copper make a superior low-value coin. It is cheap, durable, handsome, and hard to counterfeit, no successful imitation of it having ever been palmed upon the public. The profit to the Government on the difference between cost and issue value of nickel alloy coins would be about sixty-seven and one-half per cent.; that is to say, on \$20,000,000 in circulation \$13,500,000, and on the annual renewal of two and one-half per cent. for wear and tear and two per cent. for growth of population, nearly \$1,000,000. This profit on the token coinage would enable the mint to coin gold without any charge whatever, as is now done by the British mint.

The first nickel coins in this country were the cents manufactured in 1853, a remarkably poor specimen, made experimentally with metals of very different alloys. The next were issued in 1867. In 1864 and 1865 a bronze two-cent coin and a nickel three-cent were authorized. The three-cent coin of 1865 was very pretty, but of the same size as the present ten-cent piece. In May, 1866 was authorized the now current five-cent coin, a lumpy and ugly coin, which should speedily be withdrawn and something handsomer substituted for it.



THE COSMOSCOPE.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER ROSSI.

ALEXANDER ROSSI was born at Lugano, Canton Ticino, Switzerland. From his youth he showed great love for the art of sculpture, and his parents, who noticed their child's inclination that way, caused him to go through a regular course of artistic study at the Academy of Brera, in Milan, under the distinguished sculptor Marchesi. During the whole of his apprenticeship, Rossi always won the highest prizes. At the conclusion of his artistic education at the Academy of Brera, he continued his studies in Milan, where his place has ever since been among the principal artists, and he has been the recipient of congratulations on various occasions on account of his beautiful and well-executed works. The list of these is too long to be given here in full; suffice it to say that a great many of the same were awarded prizes at several Expositions in Europe, and lately at the American World's Fair of Santiago (Chili), and Philadelphia. Also the Institute of the Fine Arts of Montreal, Canada, in acknowledgment of his great artistic merits, distinguished Professor Rossi recently with the appointment of honorary director of that institution.

The first cities of Italy and many of the capitals



THE CHEVALIER ALEXANDER ROSSI, COMMISSIONER OF THE MILAN SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

of Europe pride themselves on the possession of monumental mausoleums issued from Rossi's studio. A few of his works claimed our admiration at the Philadelphia Exposition, viz.: his beautiful statues, "Infancy of Moses," "Hope," and "Free Church in a Free State," all of which gave proof of the high commendation bestowed upon them.

But, besides his merits as an artist, Rossi has one which, in our opinion, is greater yet: his zeal and his efficient co-operation for the artistic instruction of his fellow-citizens. Signor Rossi was never a self-seeker; he has only sought

always to render art popular; and to this end, from 1848 to 1868, he has published several works on ornamental drawing, and a series of artistic models for acquiring the art of sculpture and studying professional design. He did not stop there, however, but plied all his energy and used all his connections in order to obtain, as he did, the establishment of the Art School and that of the General Association of the Workmen of Milan. These noble acts and his great artistic merits combined, won for him the esteem of his fellow-citizens, as well as that of the Italian Government, which conferred on him the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Rossi has not deserved well of his own country only, but also of ours: for it was owing to his enthusiasm, to his great force of character and decision, that we were indebted for the pleasure of viewing so beautiful and great a variety of statuary and paintings at our Centennial show. The high esteem in which Mr. Rossi is held by the Milan Society of Fine Arts induced that institution to send us such a rich and precious collection of art works—all original, modern, and by the best authors of the various cities of Italy—and to delegate him to look after the artists' interests. This Society further intrusted him with the mission to promote all institutions tending to advance the fine arts and to develop a taste for the beautiful, thus showing its high appreciation of the success obtained at the Vienna and Santiago Expositions, which success was due to the zeal and proved experience of the Milan Society's representative, Rossi, who at each place secured to himself sympathy, credit, and influence, by no other means than plain, honest open-heartedness.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WALTHAM BUILDINGS, NEW YORK.

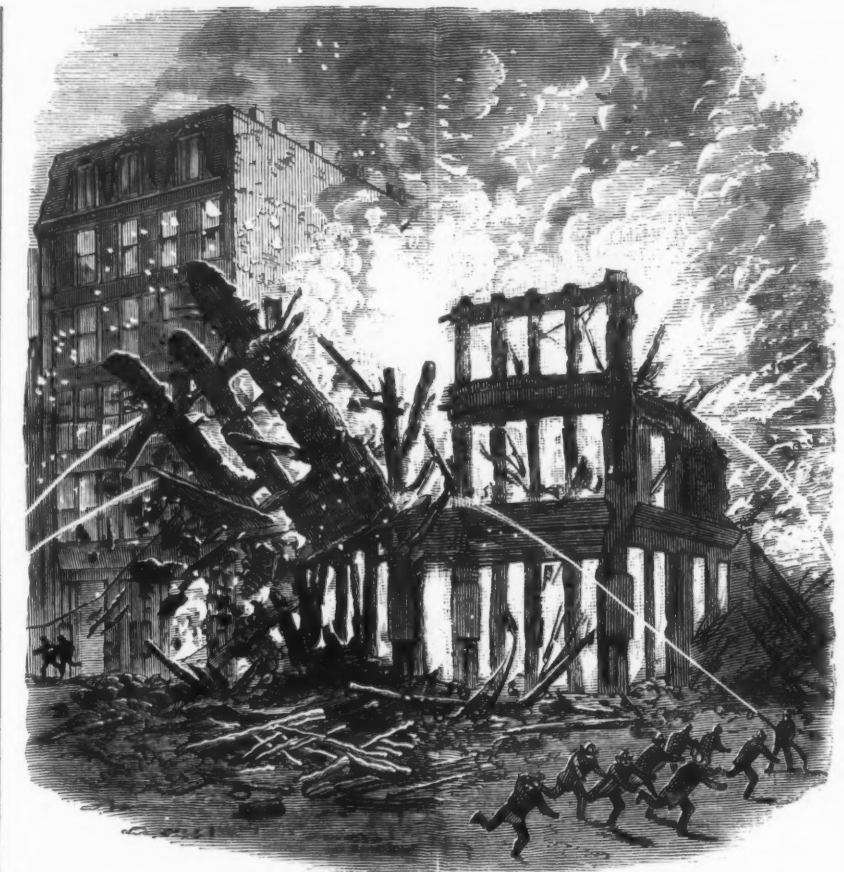
THE buildings Nos. 1, 3 and 5 Bond Street, New York, considered the perfection of secure structures, were totally destroyed by fire on the evening of March 6th, entailing a loss of over \$1,000,000.

The fire broke out early in the evening, in the sub-basement, smoke having been first discovered from the area gratings about 7:30. The alarm was struck at 7:40, and the engines were soon on the spot. The flames could not be reached, however, and smoldered in the basement stories for an hour or two before spreading to any great extent through the building. By 10 o'clock the whole interior was in flames, and it was evident that all efforts were vain except to save the adjoining buildings.

The floors were of Georgia pine, which liberally fed the hunger of the flames. At about 11 o'clock the Mansard roof fell in, and at midnight the front wall separated from the western side-wall, bulged out on Bond street, and in a few moments the two upper stories fell into the street.

The fire burned for several hours, and it was only by the greatest exertion that the firemen succeeded in saving the adjoining property.

The first story of the Waltham Building was occupied by Taylor & Brother and the Gorham Manufacturing Company. The second floor was occupied by Carter, Hawkins & Sloan; Baldwin, Sexton & Peterson; the Adams & Shaw Company; Thomas G. Brown; Robbins & Appleton, and Jesse S. Cheney. The heaviest losers on this floor were Robbins & Appleton, who owned the building, and the Adams & Shaw Company. On the third floor were J. E. Robert & Co.; Jacob Gerard & Co.;



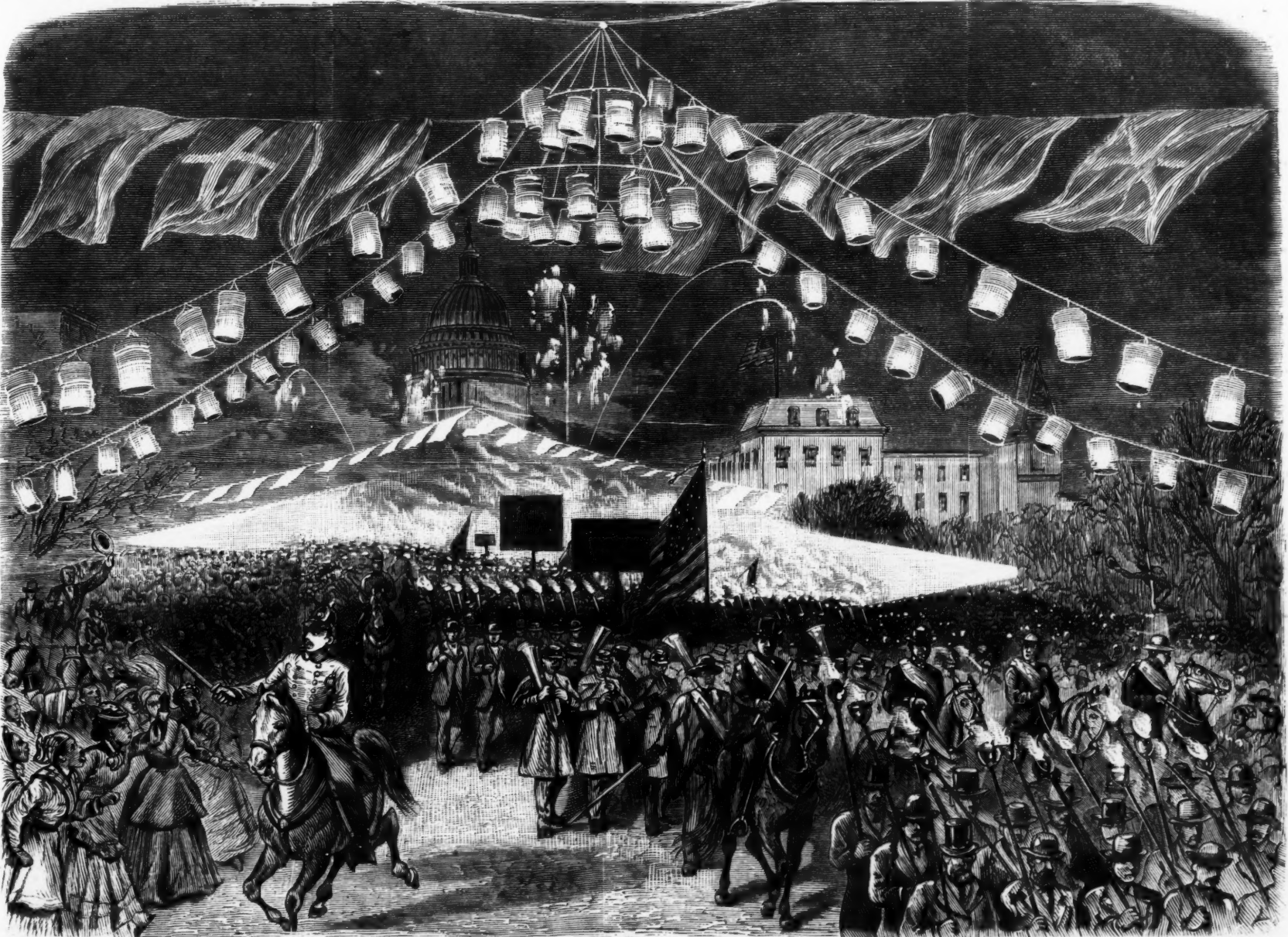
NEW YORK CITY.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, NOS. 1, 3 AND 5 BOND STREET, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 6TH.

Pearce, Kursh & Co.; Dominick & Haff, and James & George Darress—all dealers in jewelry and silverware, and all heavy losers. The fourth story was used as a factory for plated work by Baldwin, Sexton & Peterson. Everything was destroyed, with the exception of some articles in the safes. The fifth story was partly occupied by Hale & Mulford's manufactory of silverware. Robbins & Appleton's manufactory was likewise in this story.

The Waltham Building was erected in 1871, and owned by Messrs. Robbins & Appleton, agents of the American Watch Company at Waltham, Mass., the place of the factory suggesting the name of the New York property. It cost over \$200,000, and was occupied almost exclusively by jewelers and silversmiths. It will be several days before the exact loss can be ascertained. The safes are being opened, and much of their contents was found to be uninjured. About 300 hands were thrown out of employment by the fire.

A TOWN OF DWARFS.

A WRITER in the London Times describes the effect of incessant intermarriage on the inhabitants of Protos, a little town in the province of Santander, Spain. Until eighteen or nineteen years ago, the village was quite shut off from the rest of the world. Its inhabitants, from their ever-recurring intermarriages, had become a race of dwarfs. On market-days the priests might be seen riding in to purchase the simple provisions for the week's consumption—men of little intelligence and no learning, sprung from the lowest ranks. About eighteen years ago the Galician laborers, or Gallegos, from the mines of Galicia, swarmed into the town for lodgings, etc., and since their colonization the population has increased in strength, stature, education, intellect and morality. Their intellects, also, have improved—intellects which had been stunted, dwarfed and ruined by their frequent intermarriages.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES—THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 5TH, MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TOWARDS THE WHITE HOUSE. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, ALBERT BERGHAUS AND HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 37.

FUN.

WHY are all females lecturers left-handed? Are they? Maybe that's their way of looking at them.

THE grand-nephew of Robert Burns has a suit of clothes belonging to the poet. But he cannot step into his shoes.

"BOOK-AGENTS," says an exchange, "get \$9 a day for talking." We know a woman, not a gent, either, who could earn \$18 a day at the business, with both hands tied behind her back.

"MY SON," said a doting mother to her eight-year-old, "what pleasure do you feel like giving up during the Lenten season?" "Well, ma, I guess I'll stay away from school," was the reply.

THE Rome Sentinel says: "A Rochester book-agent went into a house in West Rome on his dignity, and tried to sell a copy of 'Helen's Babies.' He came out on his ear. There were twins in the house, and the folks knew more about babies and the other place than could be put in a stack of books as big as a church."

"I came out of the accident," said he, "and who do you think was the first person I met?" "Who?" "Who, but that same eternal prize-package-peddler who had bored me for six hundred miles on the train, and—Nemesis, where art thou?—he was the only one aboard who wasn't hurt somehow!"

A COUPLE of little ones discussed theology to a slight extent the other night. The question was as to the locality of heaven. "I think," said one, "that it's in the ground, because they put my grandma there, and they said she went to heaven." "No," said the other, with great thoughtfulness and gravity. "My uncle died one day, and I saw his picture in the drawer only last week."

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THE PRODIGAL.

INHERITORS of vast wealth are proverbially spendthrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined and coined, by the labor of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial, and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance, throws only—pleasure. The one values it by what it cost him; the other, for what it will purchase. Like the prodigal in the Scripture parable, he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favorites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly; for it cost him naught, and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, impoverished—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road, he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature, seeing her invalid child afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward, the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated and its milestones all numbered. Read it. Price, \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Magie Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Mecelesoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

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TO BE ISSUED, MARCH 16th.
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FOR APRIL, 1877.

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SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

No. 1,121—Vol. XLIV.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1877.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]

FATAL PANIC IN THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

ON Thursday evening, March 8th, while a special mission for women was being held in St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church, on Sixteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York City, the shriek of a fainting woman attracted the attention of a congregation numbering over 2,500. A few moments later a boy shouted "Fire!" twice. In an instant a panic ensued among the occupants of the gallery on the Sixth Avenue side of the building. Father Langeake, who had nearly completed his sermon, endeavored to quiet his frightened flock, but without avail.

The congregation arose *en masse*, speedily filled the aisles, and began crowding towards the doors. One woman fell at the sharp angle in the stairway, and before she could gain her feet, a hundred others were pitched on top and over her. The sexton, with commendable promptness, had opened

every exit; and the narrow pews and narrower aisles did more to prevent greater fatality than any human agency could have accomplished. The panic in the body of the church was wild, and the rush as uncontrollable; but wide and straight steps at the main entrance were capable of giving passage to the women as fast as they came. After those able to get out had reached the street in safety, twenty-five women were left in the pews, frightened into hysterics and fainting by the cries of terror.

No signs of fire were noticed anywhere. By the time the greater part of the congregation had gained the street, an engine of the Fire Department was heard approaching. Foreseeing the inevitable effect that a sudden appearance of firemen, with their apparatus, would have upon the frightened people, Father Prendergast hastened towards Fifth Avenue, and begged the foreman to stop his engine, as there was no fire.

Captain McCabe promptly complied with the

request. Leaving the engine, he took a body of his men to the scene, and used every endeavor to make the people retreat from the church and the neighborhood, being assisted by policemen who came hastening to the spot.

As soon as the policemen and firemen had partially cleared the sidewalk about the church, it was found that six women and a boy had been killed in the rush from the gallery.

The priests of the college were already busy in reviving the fainting, and sending home those of the wounded who could tell their residences. The police, as soon as notified, had telegraphed to Bellevue Hospital, and by nine o'clock ambulances and President Brennan, Commissioner Cox, and an ample corps of surgeons, were in attendance. Their arrival was too late to be of much service to the wounded, most of whom the priests had already sent home in carriages.

The first four bodies reached were taken to the livery-stable west of the church, and the crowd

followed them. Upon the arrival of the ambulances all the bodies were removed to the Thirtieth Street Police Station, and placed in rows in the back room to await identification. Intelligence of the disaster spread like wildfire throughout the neighborhood, and the most exaggerated reports were circulated.

The following are the names of the killed:

Mary Casey, aged 17, who lived with her aunt, Mrs. Early, in Eighth Avenue, near Nineteenth Street. Her sister claimed the body, and had it removed to No. 229 West Eighteenth Street.

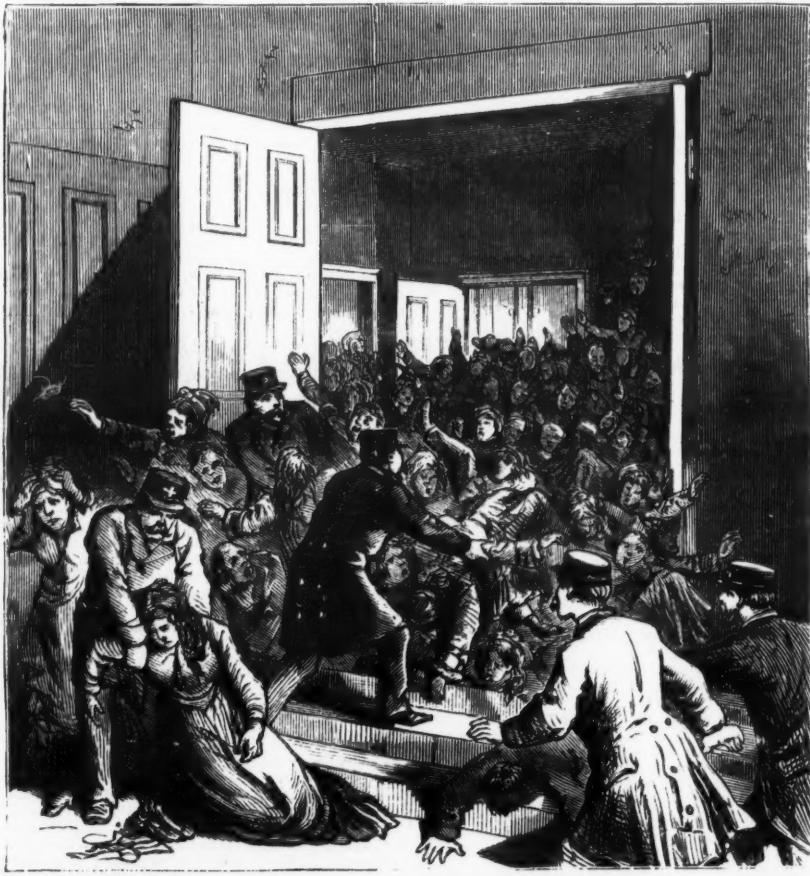
Mary Coughlan, wife of Wm. Coughlan, a tailor, residing at No. 202 West Twenty-fifth Street. She was 68 years of age.

Ann Forbes, a cook, residing at No. 61 West Nineteenth Street.

Eliza Masterson, a single woman, 45 years of age, residing at No. 408 Seventh Avenue. She was a dressmaker, and lived with her mother and brother.



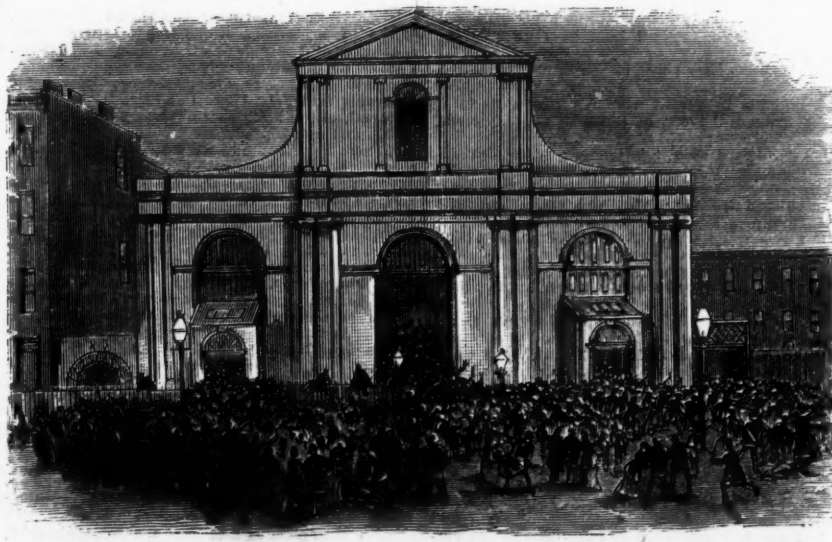
THE RUSH DOWN THE STAIRWAY FROM THE GALLERY.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ENDEAVORING TO QUELL THE PANIC AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS IN THE WEST VESTIBULE.



THE VICTIMS IN THE TEMPORARY MORGUE IN THE STABLE.



THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER DURING THE PANIC.



CARRYING OFF THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS IN AMBULANCES.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE FATAL PANIC, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 8TH, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, SIXTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES.

Ann Spencer, aged 32, lived at 89 Ninth Street. Her husband, Peter Spencer, is a baker, doing business at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Sixteenth Street. She was trampled to death at the foot of the stairs.

Michael Spencer, aged six years, son of Ann Spencer, was killed with his mother on the stairway.

A woman, name unknown, aged about 25 years. She had dark hair and a healthy complexion, wore a plain striped red and white calico waist, a black sack trimmed in black beads, and an overskirt. She wore gaiters with side buttons, and a black and white plaid shawl. A plain locket was hanging from her neck fastened by a narrow piece of velvet braid. The body was apparently that of a servant girl.

The following were injured and taken to their homes:

Ellen Rooney, servant, No. 127 Fifth Avenue.

Mary Murphy, servant, No. 127 Fifth Avenue.

Mary Shay, of Seventy-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue.

Eliza Cummings, of No. 221 West Twenty-eighth Street.

The present Church of St. Francis Xavier was built about twenty-five years ago. The building has one large entrance opening from the middle aisle; the two side aisles open upon two narrow doorways, which lead into two small vestibules. Into these vestibules the staircases from the galleries also open. These staircases are spiral, and somewhat narrow. The church has long been famous for its excellent music, and many who are not Catholics visit it simply for this reason. The services of the church are conducted with great ceremony, and surpass in splendor those of most of the other Catholic churches in the city. The Rev. Father Augustus Merrick is the pastor. There are besides about thirty priests attached to the church, who attend to the religious wants of the congregation, and are also engaged as professors and instructors in St. Francis Xavier's College, which stands beside the church.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

"ONCE again, face it! My lambs, my darlings, my doves, push on, if you love me! Ah, no! this unsuitably snowstorm is more than you can bear, pretty pigeons! Once again, hooves of my heart! Blessed St. Isaac, mighty St. Michael! It's all in vain, English lord, and if your excellency were to have me knouted to death, I could not get the sledge up the avenue."

It was, luckily, within a short distance of the chateau whither I was bound, that the blinding snowstorm, the fiercest that I had ever known during a three years' experience of Russia, had come on, and there before me rose up the gaunt gate-posts, topped by iron spearheads yet bright with tarnished gold-leaf, which marked the limits of the baron's demesne. The wild wind was tossing about the dry snow like so much road-dust, and dashed in our faces not merely flakes of the fast-falling whiteness, but jagged lumps of ice that cut and bruised as never did sleet in England. It is not wonderful that the young, half-broken horses of the hired sledge that had brought me the three versts out of Moscow should have become unmanageable in their pain and terror, at the sudden outburst of the tempest.

"You are quite sure," said I, alighting and grasping my valise, "that this is the Chateau Olinsky?"

"I wish I were as sure of heaven," answered the lad, promptly. "My father was dushtek, or soldier-servant, to my lord the baron, and I know the house as well as I know the Kremlin, noble sir!"

I paid the driver his due, and bidding him return and let me back to Moscow before sunset, should the storm abate, left him to speed citywards, and made my own way on foot among the drifts that already incumbered the ill-kept road, to the half-ruinous but imposing pile of the Olinsky chateau. Of the reception which I should meet there, armed as I was with a letter of introduction to the master of the house, I had very little doubt. Hospitality is liberally, even profusely, extended in Russia, and the long-established mercantile house whose errand I was engaged upon had been for a generation past on friendly terms with the Olinsky family.

The baron, a fine-looking old man, with a flowing white beard, and with several crosses and medals twinkling on the breast of his tightly buttoned coat, gave me a cordial greeting.

"Any guest recommended by my esteemed correspondents, Irvine, Kirby, & Co., is welcome here, Mr. Vaughan," he said, kindly. "I shall take it as a favor if you will make my poor house your home during your stay in Moscow."

Nor was this a mere idle compliment, for the baron would not hear of my returning to my hotel in the town, but insisted that I should take up my quarters in a huge ghostly chamber, hung with faded tapestry, and adorned by portentous family portraits, but as warm as crackling logs and the heated air of the huge central stove could render it.

The family of Baron Olinsky, who was a widower, consisted only of a son, then traveling or residing in foreign countries, and one daughter, to whom I was presently introduced, and whose name was Irene. I had been accustomed to see beautiful faces in the luxurious society of St. Petersburg, but I acknowledged to myself that I had never beheld one so lovely as that of Mademoiselle Olinsky. She seemed quite free, too, from the haughty listlessness or the exacting coquetry of the Muscovite belles whom I had hitherto encountered, and had much of the gentle simplicity of manner of an English girl. She talked—but that in Russia was a matter of course—French, English and German equally well, and knew and liked, as I found with surprise, my favorite authors.

A word to myself. I, Arthur Vaughan by name, and related to Mr. Irvine, our principal, had almost completed my probation as clerk, and expected to be shortly received as a junior partner in the firm of Irvine, Kirby and Co., in which my modest patrimony was invested. Ours was an old and influential house well considered throughout the Baltic ports and the cities of Northern Russia, and my presence in Moscow was now due to the fact that overtures had been made to us to aid in the establishing of a new commercial bank, intended to afford greater facilities to improving landlords than the old Land Banks, cramped as to their capital, and bound by formal rules, could do. The proposal had been a tempting one, but before deciding upon it, my chiefs had resolved on asking the opinion of Baron Olinsky, on whose goodwill and shrewdness they could rely, and hence my mission.

One, two, and three days passed by. The weather was very bad, and the frequent and furious snowstorms kept those dwelling in the Chateau Olinsky very much within doors, yet I was far from finding the time hang heavily on my hands. The baron was constantly in his study; now conducting a voluminous correspondence, for he had been a diplomatist as well as a soldier, and was an honorary member of scientific societies in various lands;

now conferring with his steward or farm-bailiff, and then giving audience to strange men, most of whom wore the caftan and eared cap of the peasant, while some were clearly from a distance, and spoke a dialect which the lazy, obsequious servants, who betwixt them shuffled through the work of the country-house, found it hard to understand. Consequently I was thrown much into the society of the beautiful Irene.

I fancied, more than once, not only that something weighed upon the mind of Mademoiselle Olinsky and clouded her naturally bright spirit, but that this something had reference to her father. I had noticed that her eye rested sometimes on the baron with an undefined expression of anxiety and regret; and there were times, too, when any unusual noise would cause her to start, and look apprehensively around.

The baron, I am sure, was unconscious of this, for he never intermitted his pleasant flow of conversation. He would descant on every and any topic except the politics of the day, and these he put aside with a shrug and a smile.

It was the evening of the fourth day since I had been a visitor at the Chateau Olinsky. The baron had seemed absent and ill at ease during dinner, had risen early from table, and, excusing himself on the plea of having letters to write which would occupy him until a late hour, had bidden me good-night before I had finished my cigar. Mademoiselle Olinsky, too, had retired to her own apartments as soon as the coffee had been handed round, and I, tired of being the sole occupant of the great drawing-room, had gone up to my own room, and was in the act of stirring the smoldering wood-fire into a cheerful blaze, when there came a low, timid tap at the door. I opened it, and there, in the gaunt, darkling corridor, a silver lamp in her hand, stood Irene. One glance at her face told me that it was on no trifling errand that she had come.

"Hush! listen, but speak low in reply, for walls have ears," she said in English, and in a hurried whisper. "There are traitors beneath this roof, who break our bread but to betray us! Have you noticed, Mr. Vaughan, a man named Vassili, a red-haired man, the house-steward, as you would call him in England?"

I had observed such a man; a quiet, deferential person, with a red beard, and a remarkable resemblance to the Judas of tradition, and said so.

"He is a police spy!" said Mademoiselle Olinsky, with flashing eyes; "and he is not the only one; but my father will not be warned. You little know, you whose home-life has been free from such a taint, what an atmosphere of falsehood, deceit and treachery we Russians are forced to breathe. But time is precious. You are a friend, Mr. Vaughan, and would help us?"

And she fixed her large dark eyes wistfully on my face.

"Be assured of that!" I answered, earnestly; "but what help is needed, or how can I, a stranger in the land, render it?"

"You can save my father," said Irene, eagerly, but in a low and cautious tone; "and you alone can do it, for to none other in the castle can I confide the truth. It is not," she hurriedly added, "that all our household is made up of spies and traitors. There are some of the servants who love my father well enough to risk prison and torture for his sake; but they are but simple, good-natured fellows, who could not elude the watch that by this time is set to intercept communication."

My look of wonder was, I suppose, expressive enough without the aid of words, for Mademoiselle Olinsky came a step nearer, and, low and earnestly, said:

"You have heard of the Nihilists?"

I had heard—who has not?—the name of that terrible brotherhood, the bugbear of successive Czars, whose hidden influence is supposed to be devoted to the undermining of that throne which to a superficial observer appears so firm; and I assented by a motion of the head.

"He—the baron—is one of them," said Irene, hurriedly. "My father is only too good, too unselfish in his views, for the associates with whom he acts; but it is precisely of such as he—men of rank and property—that the Government desire to make a severe example. He is at this moment in the city, at one of their gatherings; and I have received notice that the authorities know all, and will this night make many arrests. Should he be taken—my father, I mean—he will receive the heaviest sentence that can be inflicted."

"And that is—?" asked I.

"Siberia—can you doubt it?" returned the girl, impatiently; "and for life! You, and you alone, Mr. Vaughan, can save him; and even then, you must remember to ask him to return for my sake, not for his own, for he would deem it unworthy of him to abandon his friends in peril. I can give you the password that will admit you to the place where you can find him. I dare not order a carriage to be got ready, but you can ride, of course, as an Englishman. My horse stands ready saddled in the stable, and Giorghi Gregorovitch, the groom, who brought the evil news, and who may be trusted, will show you a path, shorter than the road, by which you may reach Moscow. I will not say how grateful I shall be."

"To serve you, to do your bidding, mademoiselle," I replied, and there was something in my tone that brought a dainty flush of pink into Irene's pale, beautiful face, "I would run more risk, and endure worse toil, than I shall have to confront to-night."

Ten minutes later I was in the saddle, while the trusty Giorghi cautiously led the way by paddock and coppice to a spot whence, from a knoll of rising ground, the distant lights of the city could be seen.

"Your only danger, English lord, is the drifts!" said the man. "Keep to the track, you will see it easily; since—blessed be the Panagia!—the moon is high and the sky clear, and you'll find that Deersfoot goes like a wild stag of the steppe."

It was a rough ride, but the gallant Circassian horse, floundering through heaped-up masses of snow, and clearing more than one ugly-looking fence with the courage of a trained hunter, bore me safely to Moscow.

"The Tcherny Dvor!" said I to myself, as my steed's hoofs rang on the pavement at the entrance of the town, and I saw the flat caps and gray coats of the soldiers on guard, "that I know, and can find Number Thirty-seven. The password is 'Holy Poverty.'"

Even as I spoke, I heard the quick, stirring call of a cavalry trumpet.

"If that does not mean 'boot and saddle,' I am strangely mistaken! I trust I may not be too late."

A stranger in a great, straggling city, like Moscow, is apt to lose his way, especially by night, and I had hardly reached the brandy-shop at the corner of the Tcherny Dvor, and given my horse's bridle into the hand of one of the sheepskin-clad idlers who lounged outside it, before a party of mounted Cossacks came up at a canter, and took up their station in front of the public-house, throwing out videttes with sloped lances to right and left. I lost no time in groping my way, by the aid

of the dim lanterns, to the house of which I was in quest. Here at last was Number Thirty-seven. I knocked at the squalid door as directed—thrice.

The door flew open, and two muffled figures seemed to fill up the narrow space.

"In what name?" gruffly asked one of these janitors.

"Holy Poverty!" I answered firmly, and they made room for me to pass between them. On I went along a dim-lighted corridor, until I came suddenly to a halt. What barred my way was a naked sword, the straight, bright blade of which had its edge turned towards me. He who held it was a man of great stature, cloaked, and wearing a black hood and mask, that left nothing but the eyes visible.

"By what right, brother?" he asked, in a grave, deep voice.

"The right of Holy Poverty," I answered.

"What seek ye?" demanded the guardian, still interposing his weapon.

"Nothing, which is all," I replied, and the sword was withdrawn, while two men, whom I had not previously seen, emerged from some lurking-place, and ushered me civilly enough, up a steep and narrow stair, through a dark passage, and then into a hall blazing with the light of many torches and candles, and nearly full of persons differing much from one another in garb and demeanor, for most were in peasants' gaudiness, and some in military uniform, while a few were in black suits, or in the attire of members of the Russian Civil Service. About two-thirds of those present wore masks, but the faces of the rest could be seen, and very various they were. There was the moujik, whose one aspiration in life was to own, in fee simple, the one bit of land for which he paid rent; there was the bearded fanatic of some wild sect, pining for the day when a synod should rule Russia with fire and thumb-screw; there was the poet, the discontented noble, the ambitious burgher, the Pole with his dream that Poland might yet be free, the soldier weary of the grinding discipline of the ranks. A motley crowd where they, and very heterogeneous the motives that affiliated them to the all-embracing society of the Nihilists. But scarcely had these reflections occurred to me, before I caught sight of Baron Olinsky, occupying a seat on a raised platform, and at once hurried to his side.

As I advanced, there was a stir and hum among the crowd.

"It's the French delegate we expected!" said one.

"No, it's the Belgian fellow of the International!" put in another, with equal confidence.

"Swede! Greek! Spy!" were some of the observations which I overheard, as I elbowed my way to the dais where sat the baron, one of the group of five or six officials, all of whom, save himself, were masked. He rose from his chair, and came forward with an air of well-feigned nonchalance to meet me.

"My young friend," he said, in French, and in an easy, conversational tone, "do you know how many daggers are ready, at a word, for your throat? We are no play-actors here. The secret societies of Russia have an ugly knack of silencing inconvenient tongues."

"Baron," I answered, "I have neither the wish nor the right to pry into the objects of your meeting here. But this"—and, as I spoke, I handed to him a little pearl cross, with a diamond in the centre of it—"proves that my intrusion here was not prompted by idle curiosity."

"Irene gave you this—her mother's favorite ornament?" said the baron, in an altered tone of voice.

"She did," I answered; "and at the same time she prayed me, should the token fail, to crave your immediate return with me for her sake. The precise circumstances of the case I am not at liberty to mention."

Baron Olinsky instantly whispered a few words in the ear of the masked man who was seated next to him, and then, passing his arm through mine, hurried out, the guards at the entrance respectfully holding back at the sight of the noble-looking old man.

Scarcely had we reached the street before the barbaric trumpet of the Cossacks sounded shrilly the call, "Mount!" There was an immediate stir and clangor along the Tcherny Dvor. Then came the roll of an infantry drum, the tramp of feet, and a confused hum of voices, resounding through the frosty air.

"We are betrayed!" exclaimed the baron, turning his head. "By heaven, they have turned out the whole garrison of Moscow!" he added, as his practiced ear caught the distant bugle-calls, and the heavy tread of troops advancing. "I will go back, and warn—"

"It is too late!" I exclaimed, eagerly grasping his arm, and almost forcing him on; "your presence yonder could do no good to your friends, and would be, to yourself, sheer ruin. No, sir; for your daughter's sake, and in her name, I must urge you to be prudent, and—"

My words were interrupted by the crash of shivered woodwork. The soldiers, not finding admittance at the house we had lately left, were beating in the door with repeated blows of their clubbed muskets.

Luckily, at that moment a hired droschky, driven by my young friend the communicative coachman of a few days back, came slowly past. I hailed the driver, and having once seen the baron seated in the carriage, pushed my way through the gathering crowd to where I had left my horse, remounted, giving a rouble to the man who held the bridle, and rode off.

A short half-hour, and we were safe beneath the roof of the Chateau Olinsky. I say "safe," but only relatively so, for on that night the military and police swooped down to make what is called in official parlance a domiciliary visit to the mansion of my host, and the castle was ransacked from garret to cellar; but to the infinite disgust of the public prosecutor, and the chagrin of the treacherous majordomo, no written evidence of a compromising character was discovered. The authorities were therefore reluctantly unable to include the baron in the sweeping indictment which was drawn against the Nihilists captured at the meeting, of whom some twenty were transported to Siberia, as many sent to serve with the Army of the Caucasus; and the rest left off with various terms of imprisonment.

"It is, however, the emperor's pleasure, Baron Olinsky, that you travel for two years," said the civil governor, at the end of the last lengthy examination to which we were subjected; "and for you, young sir, the sooner you get back to your counting-house in St. Petersburg, the better!"

"We shall meet again!" said the baron, cheerily, as, at parting, he shook me by the hand.

"I hope so," added Irene, her dark eyes swimming in tears, as her soft fingers coyly returned the pressure of mine. And the wish was fulfilled, for am I not now a rising man in our prosperous house, known at the present day as that of Irvine, Kirby, & Vaughan, and is not my wife's name Irene? I

"DAS RHEINGOLD."

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RHINE PROTECTING THEIR GOLDEN TREASURE.

DURING the week beginning March 19th, the opera-going community in New York are promised a novel treat in the presentation of one of the four operas which, combined, constitute "The Ring of the Niebelungs." This masterpiece of Wagner was performed with unusual éclat last Summer at Bayreuth, in Bavaria, a new opera-house having been erected for its exhibition. The audiences were composed of persons from every portion of both Europe and America, and so great was the interest excited by the event, that the leading newspapers of this city dispatched special representatives to Bavaria to report the subject in fullest detail. The opera comprises four parts, each of which occupied an entire evening in performing. The first is "Das Rheingold," from which a scene is depicted in the large illustration on the last page of this Supplement. The basis of the entire work is the great German mythological tale of the "Ring of the Niebelungs," which represents the most ancient literature of the Teutonic race. "Das Rheingold" is purely introductory to the dramatic features of the composition. It was performed at Bayreuth as a prologue to the opera, but the mysticism of its plot and the paucity of dramatic or melodic interest which characterizes it, renders it improbable that it will be undertaken outside of Germany. The story represents the world as inhabited by three races of beings, the Niebelungs, or Dwarfs, who live in the interior of the earth, the giants who rule on its surface, and the gods who rule on the tops of mountains. A perpetual struggle for the gold concealed in caves and the sandy beds of rivers is waged among these races, the three daughters of the Rhine being the guardians of the treasure. The scene represented in the illustration shows the Rhine daughters protecting their charge against Alberic, a dwarf, who, in order to become its possessor, feigns love for one of the maidens, which is repelled with indignation. It is a singular circumstance in relation to this majestic opera, that all of its four parts were written more than twenty years ago, but Wagner would not suffer them to be performed until they could be presented in a style consonant with the estimate he held of their merit.

Fish-feeding.

WHEN a fish snaps up an object it first opens its mouth and closes its gill-flaps; and opens the gills when it closes the mouth. When it wishes to reject a disagreeable morsel, on the other hand, it first, with closed mouth opens the gill-slits, and enlarges the mouth-cavity, then shuts the gill-slits, and simultaneously opens the mouth. By narrowing the mouth-cavity throughout its length, it now forces out the contents; and in doing so, it is driven backwards by the reaction, like a cannon when it is fired. If we think of it a little more closely, we shall see that, without the gill-slits, the fish could not snap up any object, and so could not eat, because the morsel, if it got into the mouth-cavity, would, on closing the mouth, be ejected. The reason is simply this: On opening, the mouth-cavity fills with water after the manner of a pump, and the morsel is taken in through suction of the portion of water in which it floats. It can now be held fast in the mouth only if the water finds a mode of exit so narrow that the morsel cannot escape along with it. For this the mouth slit is nowise fitted, for if it be closed, so that a small morsel cannot escape by it, it affords no easy outflow for the water. But the want is fully met by its gill-apparatus, which presents a double row of long narrow slits, each of which is generally a good deal longer than the mouth slit, so that the water can readily flow away without the morsel being carried off along with it. But again, if a fish were obliged to eject by its mouth the water it had taken up, it would be driven backwards at each bite, and have to expend force wastefully in recovering its ground by swimming, which would be specially disadvantageous in flowing water. On the contrary, however, as the water flows out backwards through the gill slits, the fish receives each time an impulse which drives it forwards, and the maintenance of its position in rapid water is thus rendered more easy. From these conditions it becomes possible to explain a number of the arrangements found in aquatic animals, as compared with those which live in air.

Skill in Skating—A Record of Remarkable Feats.

THE records of feats of skill in skating is unusually full. The famous Chevalier de St. George, who was marvelously expert in all exercises of the body, was able to sign his name on the ice with the blade of his skate. A certain young lady, it is said, accepted a challenge to a correspondence on the ice, and in a few minutes a question and answer were written down with an elegance unsurpassed by hand-writing upon glass with a diamond. There was a Swede who was able with one foot to design portraits on the ice. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," speaks of four skaters who were able to dance a minuet upon the ice with as much elegance as if they had been walking on the floor of a ball-room, and William Hone, in his "Every Day Book," speaking of the skating on the Serpentine River, says: "The elegance of skaters on that sheet of water is chiefly exhibited in quadrilles, which some parties go through with a beauty scarcely imaginable by those who have not seen graceful skating." Mr. Sam Weller, as we learn from the veracious history in which Mr. Pickwick figures so prominently, was an adept at the beautiful feat of fancy sliding known as "knocking at the cobbler's door," which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot and occasionally giving a double knock with the other. Tracing the letters of the alphabet on the ice has long been a favorite exercise, but with us, in these degenerate days, the execution of the figure eight is about the severest test of skill.

In Germany, particularly, there are many graceful skaters. Baron de Brincken, who was page to the king of Westphalia, was able while moving over the ice at a great pace to leap a distance of two yards and clear two or three hats placed one above the other, or some of the little sledges which the ladies use. Klopstock not only wrote fiery lyrics in praise of the art of skating, but was an expert at the exercise even in his old age. "What!" the less active among his countrymen would exclaim

"the author of 'Messiah' linger over pleasures no longer suited to his age!" When he and Goethe met, the conversation for the most part was upon skating, and the latter is said to have found in the exercise a relief from the tortures of mind he suffered in consequence of the breaking of the love-link which had existed between him and Frederica of Sessenheim. With us it is within a comparatively recent period that ladies began to skate, but in the countries of Northern Europe both sexes practice the art. In Friesland most people skate more than they walk, and skating races, especially for women, are frequent in all of the towns. The course is always carefully laid out, long strips of wood being ranged in line to keep the competitors separate, and as it is sometimes more favorable to swift progress on the one side of this demarcation than on the other, the skaters are required to change sides every time they turn. The lists are inclosed by ropes which run around by the sides of the canal, along which there is always a multitude of excited spectators. The prizes are valuable, but to obtain them it is necessary to win from sixty to eighty races. As a matter of course, the races in which women alone engage are more interesting than those open only to men. First, there is the honor of attaching the skates to the feet of the fair contestants, and second the reward of a kiss to the fortunate swimmer. In these countries, if the women are not as swift as the men, they are at least more expert, and excel them in lightness and in beauty of style. "The races on the ice," says Palati, "are the carnivals of the Dutch; they are their *fetes*, their opens, their dissipations. At this season, during which many fashionable people in different parts of the world are ruining themselves in their extravagance, the only expense to which the Hollanders are put is the cost of a pair of skates, and the outlay is called for only once or twice during their lives."

THE HUTCHINSON MURDER.

ABOUT the commencement of the present century a terrible murder took place in the neighborhood of Macroom, in the county of Cork. A house, built on a rising ground, with a well-wooded lawn in front, dotted by clumps of wide-spreading trees, was called Codrum House. It was then occupied by Colonel Hutchinson and his maiden sister. The gentleman, then advanced in years, had commanded a corps of volunteers in the patriot army of 1792, and retained his military rank long after the corps he commanded had ceased to bear arms. He was much liked in the country, as a just and upright magistrate, a kind and considerate master, a fair and liberal employer. In the month of May, in the year 1800, Miss Hutchinson was aroused from sleep by hearing a smashing of glass, as if a window was broken in; she then heard a noise as of several men rushing into the house. Quite terrified, she remained in a state of alarm until the sound of departing footsteps informed her the intruders had departed. She then ventured forth; there was the light of the Summer morning illuminating the hall and stairs. At the foot of the stairs lay the body of a man. There was blood flowing from the side of the prostrate form. Sick at heart, she descended the stairs, and beheld the bloody corpse of her beloved brother, Colonel Hutchinson.

Her shrieks brought up a servant-man, named Reen, who declared he had not heard any noise, as he was very deaf, and went at once to give the alarm. The place was soon filled with the neighbors, who were loud in the denunciations of this murderous deed. They found a large kitchen window broken open, and quite shattered.

There was no more damage done to the house; no articles were taken; the locks were unimpaired; chests of drawers, desks, writing-cases—all were untouched. Neither money or goods were taken.

An inquest was held on the body of Colonel Hutchinson. A small hole was found near the heart, from which the life-blood oozed away. The blood saturated the clothes. There was no evidence to throw suspicion on any one in particular, so "Willful murder by some person or persons unknown," was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Who had done the bloody deed? The gentry of Muskerry were resolved never to rest until the question was fully and satisfactorily answered. An active corps of yeomanry, which comprised men of all ranks and creeds, left no stone unturned to hunt out the perpetrators of this deed. Among them a Mr. McCarthy, who held the rank of sergeant in the corps, was one of the most active.

Suspicion of knowing much of the melancholy fate of the murdered colonel attached to a man named Malachy Duggan, who resided in the neighborhood of Macroom. He was a man of dissolute habits, fond of drink, quarrelsome, and noted for a turbulent, riotous disposition. He was of more than ordinary strength and ferocity. His influence with the country people was very great; he was considered the head of the Whiteboys of the district, and Mr. McCarthy was positive Duggan planned the attack on Codrum House, which led to the death of Colonel Hutchinson. Actuated by this belief, Mr. McCarthy proceeded to Duggan's farm, and then and there arrested him for the murder.

Duggan treated the charge as ridiculous, and made light of it.

"It is no light matter," said Mr. McCarthy; "and as you may have to remain in jail for some time, better give some directions about your farm." This made Duggan alter his tone.

"Do you think there is anything agin me, Mr. McCarthy?" inquired Duggan, eagerly.

"Plenty," said McCarthy, gaining confidence from the change in Duggan's manner. He then prepared to accompany the patrol of yeomanry, and as there was some distance to Macroom from his farm, he mounted his horse to ride. Mr. McCarthy noticed he cut a willow-rod as a riding switch when leaving his house, and while brooding over what he had to undergo, he commenced unconsciously biting the wand. Some idea of the fretful mood of the man may be imagined from the fact that before Macroom loomed in sight Duggan had nibbled the wand into bits.

The magistrate to whom Duggan was brought informed him that a sum of three hundred pounds was to reward any one who informed upon the murderers, and contributed to prosecute them to conviction. This induced Duggan to offer such information as would convict the gang, of which, as Mr. McCarthy surmised, he was the leader.

There were no less than fourteen engaged to rob Codrum House. They were brought to the place by Duggan. They broke in the kitchen window and got into the hall. It appeared that Colonel Hutchinson had not retired to rest, and, to the surprise of the gang, came down-stairs on hearing the noise of their entrance. Unluckily one of the gang was the gamekeeper, another McCarthy.

"What?" cried the colonel; "are you here, McCarthy?"

This sealed his fate. The gang saw they were recognized; Duggan gave the order:

"McCarthy, do your duty." The fowling-piece, the property of Colonel Hutchinson, in the hands of his servant, was the weapon which caused the gen-

tleman's death. When the colonel lay dead at the stair-foot fear fell upon the gang. They had not courage to proceed further, and they fled. No arrests were made until after Malachy Duggan was taken before the justice of the peace, in Macroom, and gave his information. Then the gang dispersed. Some fled to the mountains of Kerry and to the rocks and precipices of Bore and Bantry; but six of the fourteen were captured and tried in Cork for the murder. Among those arrested were a brother of McCarthy, the gamekeeper, and a cousin of Malachy Duggan.

During the trial the evidence of Malachy was corroborated in several particulars. An ingenious effort to discredit him was made by John Duggan, one of the prisoners. As Malachy swore that the killing was effected by the contents of the gun fired by the gamekeeper, McCarthy, John Duggan said that was untrue, that the colonel was killed by a blow from his hammer—he was a mason—and that it was with this same hammer the kitchen-window was broken. The marks in the shutters of the window corresponded with the sharp end of John Duggan's hammer, and for the purpose of further testing his confession, the body of Colonel Hutchinson was disinterred. The hole near the heart might have been made by the sharp end of the stone hammer, but it was clear that he had been shot. The surgeon found several slugs lodged in the region of the heart. This bore out Malachy's evidence; the prisoners were all found guilty, sentenced to be hung in the square of Macroom, and their heads placed on spikes on the roof of the jail, as a terror to evil-doers. The fate of one of the condemned men created much sympathy, that of Callaghan McCarthy, the gamekeeper's brother. He vehemently denied having had hand, act or part in the murder, or the attack on Codrum House, and the peasantry believed his statement. It was supposed that Duggan swore against him, fearing that he would seek revenge for his informing against the gamekeeper.

A singular event is related as having taken place on the day of the execution. Mr. Madden says:

"They (the condemned men) were placed on horseback, their persons being fastened. Riding up through the streets of Macroom, an old woman threw herself in the way of the cavalcade, before John Duggan's horse, and cried out in Irish, 'John Duggan, John Duggan, you owe me sixpence!' The culprit, who looked more dead than alive, contrived, though his arms were pinioned, with his fingers to jerk out of his pocket a sixpenny-piece to the old woman. When she was asked 'why she tormented Duggan at that time?' she replied, 'Troth, then, shure I wouldn't be after letting it rest upon his soul.'"

One circumstance was regarded as enhancing the terrible severity of the sentence upon the six men hanged in the square of Macroom. No minister of religion accompanied them to the gallows. This was done on purpose; they had, indeed, received the ministrations of the priests while in Cork Jail, and they accompanied them part of their sad journey, but when about half way were required to return to Cork.

The execution was largely attended, and when all were dead the hangman severed the heads from the bodies, and put them on the spikes, where they remained for many years.

It might be supposed that the execution of these six men would have been deemed sufficient vindication of the outraged law on account of this crime, but it was not so. The rest of the gang were eagerly sought for, McCarthy, the gamekeeper, especially; and at length he and some others were taken. They were tried, convicted and executed. Mr. Madden says: "Their heads were also set on spikes, and in order to mark the gamekeeper McCarthy with signal posthumous infamy, it was resolved to affix his right hand with his skull, in order that all men might know, even after death, the head of the gamekeeper who shot his master."

Reen, the servant who affected to be deaf, was transported, on the ground of his having a guilty knowledge of the meditated attack. The evidence against him was not very strong, but his deafness was thought a mere pretense.

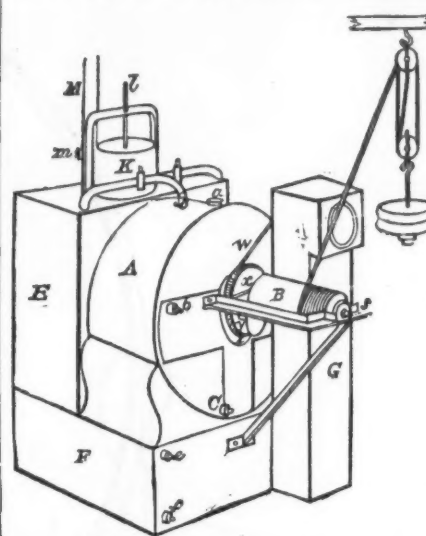
Another of the gang was captured near Blarney. He, too, was tried at the Cork assizes, found guilty, and suffered death. Thus of the fourteen engaged in the attack on Codrum House, nine suffered death, two, Malachy Duggan and his son, turned informers, and the rest escaped to America.

CHEAP GAS.

THE ALPHA AIR-GAS APPARATUS.

OF the numerous arrangements which have been brought forward for manufacturing what is known as air-gas, one called the Alpha Gas Apparatus, introduced by Mr. H. L. Müller, of London, is well worthy of notice. The gas produced by this apparatus, the same as in the Springfield machine, is atmospheric air charged with the vapor of gasoline, which is a light hydro-carbon spirit, evaporating at ordinary temperatures, and derived from the distillation of petroleum. The apparatus consists of four main parts, performing distinct co-ordinate duties. There is first an arrangement for producing a constant uniform current of air of the required pressure and volume. Secondly, there is a chamber in which this current of air becomes uniformly carbureted. Thirdly, an elevator for supplying the carburetor with a uniform supply of hydro-carbon to replace that consumed in the course of manufacture; and, fourthly, a governor for regulating the supply and pressure of the gas in the pipes. The figure shows a general view of the apparatus. The air-forcing arrangement consists of a drum of the ordinary wet-meter construction working in water. The drum is contained in the chamber A, into which water is poured at a; the seal or water-level is indicated by the overflow plug b; c is a tap for emptying the compartment. The shaft on which the drum is fixed passes out of A through a stuffing-box, and rests on a bearing in the cast-iron framework N, a toothed wheel, and gears into a multiplying wheel z, carried on the supplemental shaft s, which supports the spool B. A wire rope attached to this spool passes over pulley-blocks and supports a weight, which, by descending when the cocks are open, causes the drum to revolve and force a current of air into the pipe g. The speed of the descent of the weight is proportioned to the possibility of the escape of the air, that is, to the gas consumed. When the cocks are turned off, equilibrium ensues, and the weight remains suspended. The pulley-blocks, having each four sheaves, and the wheels z y multiplying, admit of the machine working for a long time without rewinding, and without raising the upper pulley to an inconvenient height. The spool works on the shaft s, with a pawl and ratchet arrangement, so that the rope can be wound on it without the drum being forced in a reverse direction through the water in the drum.

The air enters the drum through an annular opening round the stuffing-box, to the top of which the inlet pipe is attached. The air is carried by a branch pipe into the carburetor. E. The pipe on the right conducts the air to the



bottom of the carburetor, so that it has to pass over the whole evaporating surface before entering the governor, K. The pipe to the left conducts the air directly to the governor, so that by regulating the opening of the cocks or the pipes the gas can be diluted with air as required. It is important that the carburetor shall be constantly and uniformly supplied with spirit, to compensate for loss during manufacture. The manner in which this is effected is ingenious but simple, and by the same mechanism the spirit is kept continually agitated, so that its density is uniform, and no heavy residue remains to be drawn off. The gas leaves the governor through the cock, m, to the main pipe, A, and thence through the building in the ordinary manner. Any condensation that may form in the main pipe is drawn off by a cock provided for the purpose. All the principal working parts are outside the machine, so that any wear or disarrangement can be at once detected and easily put right without opening the machine. The only regular labor connected with the machine is to pour in spirits every fortnight or three weeks as required, and to wind up the weight daily; thus the labor is nominal. As gasoline is really a waste product and the first cost of the apparatus is low, the air-gas is one of the cheapest forms of artificial illumination thus far suggested.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S CABINET.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS was born in Boston, February 6th, 1818, his father, Jeremiah Evarts, being a lawyer of fair practice and good ability. He entered Yale College at an early age, and was graduated in 1837. Subsequently he studied for two years at the Harvard Law School, and in 1841 he came to New York City, where he immediately entered upon the practice of the law. In a few years his industry and fidelity, as well as his ability as an advocate, gained him a large clientage, and before he was thirty years of age he held a high position in his profession. On the 19th of April, 1849, he was appointed Deputy United States District Attorney for the New York City District, holding the office precisely four years.

Mr. Evarts was prominently urged for United States Senator in 1861, but was defeated by Ira Harris, the compromise candidate. From July 15th, 1868, until the close of President Johnson's administration, Mr. Evarts was Attorney General of the United States, and in 1874 he was selected by President Grant as leading counsel of the United States at the Geneva arbitration.

During his long career as a lawyer, he has been identified with many prominent cases, conspicuously as the counsel of Henry Ward Beecher in the great scandal suit. He was counsel in the celebrated Parrish will case, and also in the contest of the will of Mrs. Gardner, the mother of President Tyler's widow, finally gaining the case. His opinion on the *Virginia* seizure in 1873 attracted great attention, and his masterly eulogy of Chief Justice Chase, pronounced at Dartmouth on June 25th, 1873, was one of his noblest rhetorical efforts. Mr. Evarts was selected by the Centennial Commissioners to be the orator on the one hundredth anniversary of Independence, and in Philadelphia delivered an oration prepared in the broadest spirit of patriotism. His arguments before the Electoral Commission are still fresh in the public mind. He was appointed a member of the Charter Commission, formed by Governor Tilden two years ago to report a plan for the better government of cities in New York State. In September last Mr. Evarts delivered a speech at the unveiling of the Seward statue in Madison Square, and on November 26th was the orator at the unveiling of the Webster statue in Central Park.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

JOHN SHERMAN, United States Senator from Ohio, was born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10th, 1823, his father, Judge Sherman, who died in 1829, having been one of the pioneers of Central Ohio. Quitting public school at fourteen years of age to begin the earnest work of life, he, for two years, was attached to the engineer corps of the Munkingum improvement. He afterwards removed to Mansfield, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. He soon won a lucrative practice, and attained, while quite a young man, a leading position, both at the bar and in politics.

In 1848 and 1852 he was a delegate to the Whig National Conventions, and was a warm supporter of both General Taylor and General Scott for the Presidency. In 1854, when the Nebraska issue arose, he accepted a nomination for Congress in the Thirteenth Ohio District, and was elected. He was subsequently re-elected to the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, and in 1859-60 he was the Republican candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives. The contest was a memorable one. For nearly six weeks the House spent day after day in voting for a presiding officer. In the end, however, Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, was chosen as a compromise, Sherman only lacking one or two votes to secure his election.

When Mr. Chase resigned his seat in the Senate, in 1861, to become Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sherman succeeded him, and has since retained his seat in that body. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he devoted himself to the reduction of the taxes, and introduced a Bill to fund the public indebtedness into a five per cent. loan, by which means it was believed specie payments could have been reached in 1867; but the Bill was mutilated in the Senate and defeated in the House. In the Fortieth Congress Mr. Sherman became Chairman of the Finance Committee, and reported a new Bill for funding the national debt.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

CARL SCHURZ, born at Liblar, near Cologne, Prussia, March 24, 1829, was educated at the Gymnasium of Cologne and at the University of Bonn.

In 1849, owing to an unsuccessful attempt to promote an insurrection in Bonn, he fled with General Kinkel to the Palatinate, and took part as an Adjutant, in the defense of Rastadt. The fortress surrendered, and Schurz escaped to Switzerland only to return secretly to Germany in 1850, when he skillfully effected the escape of Kinkel from the fortress of Spandau, in which he had been condemned to serve twenty years' imprisonment. He was correspondent in Paris, in 1851, for German journals; afterward spent a year in teaching in London, and in 1852 came to the United States. He spent three years in Philadelphia studying law, when he moved to Madison, Wis. He delivered speeches for the Republican Party in German during the campaign of 1856, and in 1857 was defeated as the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin. His first English speech was delivered during the contest between Stephen A. Douglas and Lincoln in 1858. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Republican Convention at Chicago. He spoke both in German and English throughout the campaign. President Lincoln appointed Mr. Schurz Minister to Spain, but he resigned in December, 1861, and, accepting the position of Brigadier-General, he assumed command, June 17th, 1862, of a division under General Sigel, and took part in the second Battle of Bull Run. On March 14th, 1863, General Schurz was promoted to be Major-General; and returning to the practice of law at the close of the war, he was employed in Washington as a newspaper correspondent in 1865-6, and made a report to Congress, as Special Commissioner appointed by President Johnson, on the condition of the Southern States.

In 1868 he was temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention in Chicago, and labored in the canvass for General Grant's election. He was chosen United States Senator from Missouri in 1869, his term ending in 1875. He became alienated from the Administration, however, and, with Senator Sumner, was violent in his opposition to the San Domingo scheme, and led the famous attack in the Senate on the French arms charges in 1872. He also assisted in the organization of the Liberal Republican Party in that year, and presided over the Convention at Cincinnati which nominated Mr. Greeley for the Presidency.

SECRETARY OF WAR.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON is a Virginian by birth, and a Whig politician of the old school. He was born in Culpepper County, on June 9th, 1809, and received a good classical education.

In 1831 he settled in Louisville, Ky., as a clerk in a small store. Subsequently he removed to Lawrence County, Ind., where he taught school for a few months, and then went into a store, selling goods by day and studying law by night. In 1834 he was admitted to the bar, and was almost immediately elected to the Indiana Legislature. He was re-elected in 1835, and in the following year went to the Senate, where he served two years, being President *pro tem* of that body. In the campaign of 1840 he worked zealously for General Harrison, being a Presidential elector, and speaking constantly from the stump. In 1841 he was elected a Representative in Congress. In 1844 he was again chosen a Presidential elector, and in 1847 reappeared in Congress. President Taylor offered him the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires to Austria, and President Fillmore the office of Recorder of the General Land Office; but Mr. Thompson preferred to practice his profession. He was the author of the resolutions adopted by the Chicago Convention in 1860, and a firm supporter of the Government during the war. In 1864 he was elected a Presidential elector, and in 1865 was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and was the Chairman of the Indiana delegation at the Cincinnati Convention last year.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

CHARLES DEVENS, born at Charlestown, Mass., April 4th, 1820, entered Harvard University in 1834, and, after graduating at its Law School, began legal practice in Franklin County, Mass., in 1841.

He served in the State Senate in 1847-48, and was United States Marshal from 1849 to 1853. While filling the latter office, it became his duty to return to his master the fugitive slave Sims. At the expiration of Mr. Devens's term he formed a law-partnership with Hon. George F. Hoar, which continued until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when Mr. Devens left Massachusetts in command of an independent battalion of Worcester troops. Upon the expiration of his term of service, he was given the command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of three-years' men—another Worcester County organization.

Later on he was appointed brigadier-general, and assigned to Couch's Division of Franklin's Corps. He was on the Peninsula with McClellan, and at Fair Oaks received a bad wound in the leg, which forced him to leave the field for a time. Upon his return, he was in the battle of Fredericksburg with Franklin, his brigade being the first to cross over into the city, and the last in retreat.

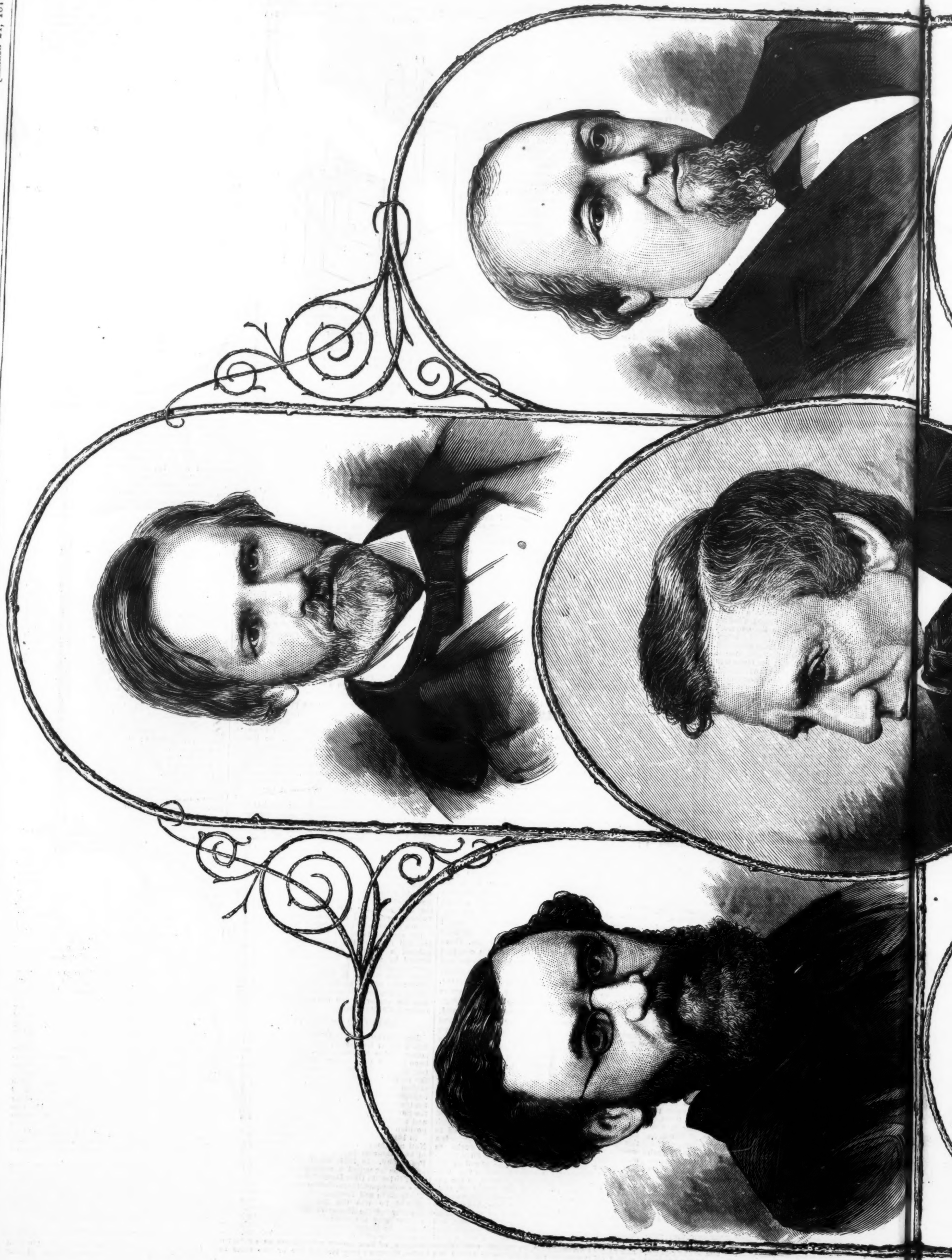
General Devens was then assigned to a division in Howard's Eleventh Corps, and shared the fortunes of Chancellorsville with that unfortunate body, receiving a wound during the engagement.

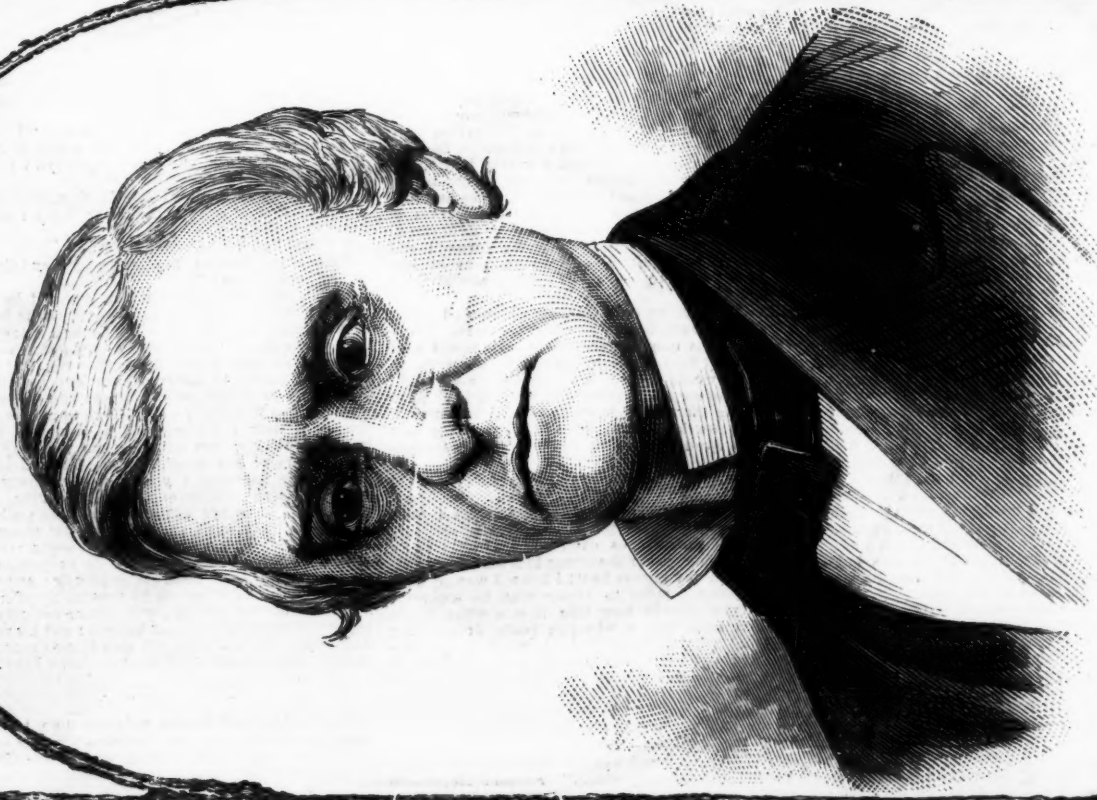
His division was left on the north side of the James during the closing hours of the siege of Richmond, and his troops were the first to enter the capital of the fallen Confederacy. He was assigned to the command of all the forces remaining in Richmond till the Summer of 1865, when he was placed in command of the department of South Carolina, headquarters at Charleston, where he remained about a year, until he was mustered out.

After the war General Devens was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, and in 1873 named by Governor Claflin as Justice of the Supreme Bench, which position Judge Devens has held up to this time. He delivered the oration at Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1875, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the battle.

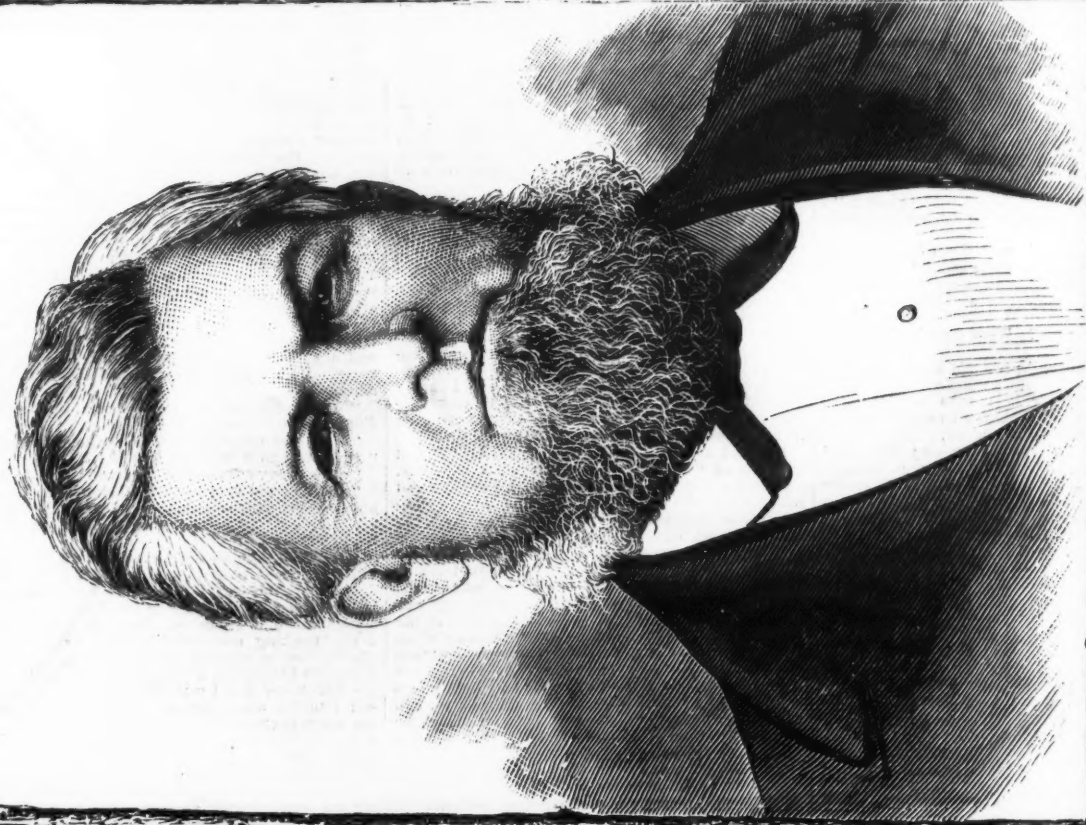
POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

DAVID M. KEY, ex-United States Senator from Tennessee, was born in Greene County, in that

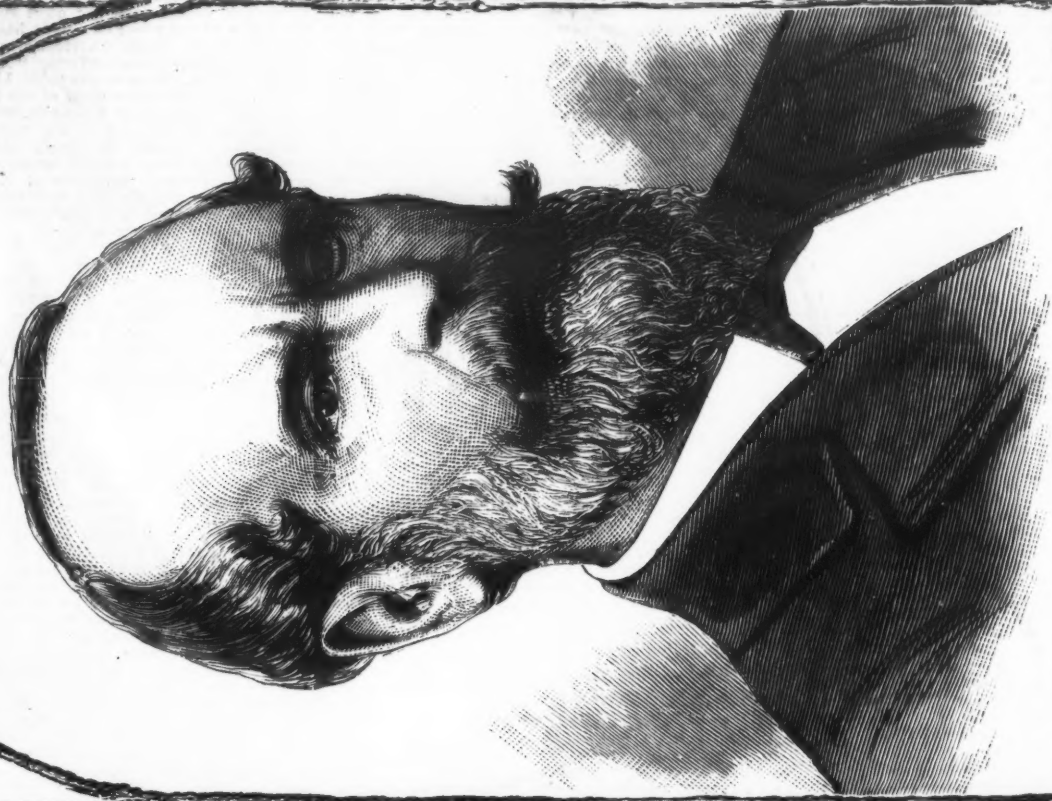




CARL SCHURZ.
RICHARD W. THOMPSON.



JOHN SHERMAN.
WILLIAM M. EVARTS.
DAVID M. KEY.



GEORGE W. MCCRARY.
CHARLES DEVENS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE NEW ADMINISTRATION—PRESIDENT HAYES'S CABINET, CONFIRMED IN SPECIAL SESSION OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE, MARCH 10TH.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY. WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 51.

State, in 1824. He was reared on a farm, and, after obtaining a common school education, taught school himself to obtain means to pay his way through college. In 1830 he was graduated at Hiwassee College, East Tennessee, studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1833, and settled in Chattanooga, where he has since resided. In 1861 he joined the Confederate army, entered the service as lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-third Tennessee Regiment, served through the war, and surrendered in North Carolina under General Joe E. Johnston. In 1865 Mr. Key's old friend Andrew Johnson pardoned him. He returned to his home in Chattanooga and resumed the practice of law. In 1869 he was elected to the Constitutional Convention, and drafted the present Constitution of that State.

In 1875 Mr. Key was appointed by Governor Porter to fill the vacant seat of Andrew Johnson in the Senate, but was recently defeated as a candidate for election to that office, lacking only three votes. In 1870 he delivered an oration over the graves of the Federal dead at Chattanooga, which touched the popular heart, winning golden opinions from ex-soldiers on both sides. He has long been regarded as the leading lawyer in East Tennessee.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

GEORGE W. McCRARY, ex-Representative from the First Iowa District, was born at Evansville, Ind., in August, 1835, and in the following year removed to what was then Wisconsin Territory. He studied in the public school, and was graduated from an academy; took up law as a profession in 1854, and in 1856, when twenty-one years of age, was admitted to practice at Keokuk. One of his preceptors was Samuel F. Miller, now Judge of the United States Supreme Court. He quickly took a pronounced position among the people of that city, and in 1857 was sent to the State Legislature. In 1861 he was elected to the State Senate, where he served until the close of the war, taking an active part in the legislation incident to that period, giving the remaining years until 1868 to the practice of his profession, when he was elected to Congress. He was there appointed one of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and also served on the Committee to Revise the Laws, of which Mr. Poland was chairman. He was re-elected to the succeeding Congresses, but was not a candidate for re-election last Fall.

To Mr. McCrary belongs the credit of having taken the first step in the legislation which created the late Electoral Tribunal. On December 7th last he introduced a resolution providing for a joint committee of the two Houses to consider a mode of counting the electoral vote.

READY-MONEY.

"SO you are going to be married, Kate? Well, I hope you have made a wise choice."

"Oh, yes, uncle," I replied, lightly; "I know I have. Henry is to make me perfectly happy."

"What has he got?" was the next pleasant observation that fell from Uncle Jocelyn's lips.

"Got, uncle! I don't know what you mean," I answered, growing rosy red at the unexpected inquiry.

"What are his means? What does he intend to settle upon you?"

"He has his business," promptly interrupted my mother.

"And he is so clever, he is sure to get on," I added, in my eagerness to assure Uncle Jocelyn it was all right as regarded my future.

"That will depend a great deal upon you, Kate," he replied, gravely. "The wife has more to do in making or marring her husband than is generally suspected. A careless, extravagant, bad wife is the greatest curse a man can have; a good one is the greatest blessing."

"Yes, uncle—oh, yes!" I assented, glancing towards my mother, who was smiling somewhat scornfully, I fancied, at his opinions.

"Take care of his pence and his pounds will take care of themselves," continued uncle; "and beware of ever getting into debt, Kate; it's the easiest thing to get into and the hardest thing to get out of. Take my advice; live well within your means, and always pay ready-money."

"Yes, uncle—oh, yes," I responded. "I am sure you are right; and Henry is so prudent, he is certain to have the same ideas."

"Well, keep them before your own mind. Don't despise an old man's counsel; buy nothing that you can't afford; and always pay ready-money."

I remember that conversation so well with Uncle Jocelyn, some few weeks before my marriage; at the time it did not strike me so forcibly as afterwards, for my mind was too filled with other and to me more interesting matters.

Uncle Jocelyn was an old man, and the amount of his fortune had always been wrapped in some obscurity; but he lived comfortably, and possessed a small property in Berkshire, upon which he had built a pretty and substantial house, where I had often spent many happy days. He had always shown a special affection for me, no doubt owing to the fact of my being the daughter of his only brother, who had died when I was quite an infant, leaving me to the sole guardianship of my mother.

Unfortunately for me, there had never been any love lost between the latter and Uncle Jocelyn; the coolness had rather increased than diminished as years went by; and when invitations were sent for us to visit Conington, which was the name of my uncle's place, my mother invariably refused for herself, and only with great persuasion permitted me to go.

How I enjoyed these visits! How sweet were the hay-fields and clover-scented meadows! How cool and fresh the marble-slabbed dairy, with its rows of brimming basins of frothy golden cream! How fragrant was the old-fashioned garden, with its long grassy walks and great big dewy roses, and the old cedar-tree so shady, under which Uncle Jocelyn would sit of an afternoon smoking, listening apparently quite satisfied with my childish conversation! The sun always seemed to be shining in those days. I can recall no gloom then, and things all wore a charm, which I did not know lay chiefly in the fact of my own youth and utter ignorance of life and its cares.

However, not to digress, I had not seen so much of Uncle Jocelyn since I had grown up, partly on account of my mother's unabated dislike to him, partly because of the existence of a new interest in life. I had met Henry Arden. He was six-and-twenty, five years my senior. His position in life was a fairly good one, he having a small interest in a first-rate city business which gave him over three hundred a year; his character was irreproachable; and when I say that he was a general favorite wherever he went, it may be surmised that in my opinion he was, if not quite perfect, very closely akin to it. For myself I was passable—perhaps a little more than that; but I was penniless until my mother died; so it was a very astonishing thing to me how so desirable a *parti* had fallen to my lot. He

was certain to get on; the senior partners had been known to say so themselves. Consequently our start in life promised to be a fair one. And to be brief, we were married. Our honeymoon was of comparatively short duration, but it was long enough to cost Henry, as I afterwards learned, something like forty pounds, which was a considerable cut out of three hundred a year; for it had not occurred to him to lay by any spare cash for those unavoidable expenses. I had felt rather uneasy at the expenditure; but it was too early days to venture on any remonstrance, had I been so inclined; we were sure to live very quietly when we once settled down, and could easily then make up for any little extravagance of which, at the outset, we had been guilty. We were to live in London, and we were fully agreed on one point—lodgings were not to be thought of, we must have a house of our own. The prospect of possessing one jointly with Henry was very pleasant to me. I pictured an endless fund of amusement and occupation, too, in furnishing and adorning it; but the mansion had still to be selected; so our first business was to find one to suit us, the next to get into it as soon as possible.

We must have spent a small fortune in cab-hire before we finally found just what we wanted; even then, though the situation was good and the domicile desirable, the rent rather frightened us; it was eighty guineas a year unfurnished; but we should be so comfortable in it. The smallness of its size—and it was extremely small—was rather an advantage than otherwise, as it would require so little furniture; and two maids would be amply sufficient for our establishment, which in such a place would be a most creditable *ménage*.

We were delighted with the house, the balcony to the drawing-room being, as we enthusiastically agreed, almost worth the rent itself; and we made no resistance when the house-agent, who must have had some amusement over our innocence and inexperience, fixed us for a seven years' lease, representing to us that our advantages were almost unequaled, having no premium to pay. We consented—in consideration of all he enumerated in favor of our bargain—to make any repairs that were necessary; and, in fact, were in such delight with the whole affair that the agreement, as might have been expected, was very easily arrived at.

We knew nothing about furnishing—never dreamt of the dangers of green wood or the inevitable result of cheap investments; thinking ourselves very acute to get hold of two furnishing lists to compare prices; beside which we sat down with paper and pencil to calculate exactly how much we must spend; and I, remembering Uncle Jocelyn's advice, ventured to say we should resolve not to go beyond it. We came to the conclusion that actual necessities might be bought, taking the prices from the books, for one hundred and fifty pounds; so Henry decided on borrowing two hundred, with which we felt sure the house could be really nicely done; and this sum he was to pay interest for until the principal itself was paid off.

Nothing could have surpassed our prudence—before we set out. When we got into the shop we had selected as the one to patronize, we found that the things we had thought of were very inferior to our imaginations; a trifle more here and a trifle there could make no great difference in the sum total, and be everything to us in the niceness and prettiness of our house; besides which our estimate of necessities proved a very inadequate one, when innumerable articles were declared absolutely indispensable by the attendant shopkeeper. We made apparently endless purchases, which we could hardly remember until they were deposited in Amberley Villa, where, with my newly engaged domestic, I awaited them with immense delight.

But vast as the importation appeared, I had yet to learn of the legion wants undreamt of by us. Scarcely a day passed without some new demand being made, which apparently it was perfectly impossible to do without. But at last I was thoroughly satisfied with our possessions, and the servants seemed to have come to the end of their requirements; so the only thing that we had to think of was the bill, which had not yet been sent in to us. I was frightened to think about it; but Henry was quite prepared for its being considerably over the two hundred pounds. Judge of our dismay when we did receive it to find it more than twice that sum four hundred and fifty-six pounds odd! There were frightful entries for "Time," which in themselves represented a serious item, and upon which we had never calculated; and our small sundries, which we had hardly taken at all into account, came to something quite appalling.

But the first shock over the offending document was thrust aside—it would be paid all in good time; and for the present we both resolved to dismiss it from our minds. Friends were rapidly gathering round us; we must receive and pay visits; so it was not very difficult to banish disagreeables, and to enter with the greatest enjoyment into the new life which lay before us. I had fancied our house was very complete and perfect until I saw some of the elegant drawing-rooms belonging to my new acquaintances; after that many deficiencies were plainly visible; and in order to supply them, we went to different shops, making various purchases, which as usual, were put down to our account. Then came our first entertainment with its attendant expenses, which it was absolutely impossible to avoid; for, in Henry's position, it was, as we thought, most necessary for us to maintain a good appearance; and as his wife, it was also incumbent upon me to dress as well and fashionably as I could.

So things went on; and before we had been married two years I need hardly say we were hopelessly and horribly in debt. To retrench seemed utterly impossible. I hardly knew where the extravagance lay; but the fact remained, we were living far beyond our income; our bills were never ending, and every day we were sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. To add to our difficulties, a nursery had been established, and though one might imagine so small an addition was not a serious one, it cost us no trifling sum. I could not have endured to see my baby badly dressed. How could I have seen it go out except in the sweetest and freshest of garments? So it was duly adorned in the whitest and prettiest things, which insured a most satisfactory amount of patronage for our laundress, and most appalling bills for me. However, we managed to keep afloat in some wonderful manner; but Henry was beginning to have a strangely careworn look, to which I could not blind myself. He was worried and harassed. His business was all right; but there were bills to be met, difficulties to be disposed of which he could not quite see the end of.

To outward appearance, however, we seemed a very prosperous pair. Our house was now as elegant as our neighbors'. I had a thousand costly little trifles lying about in the drawing-room, got from time to time, and as usual not paid for; some of which the shopkeepers themselves had pressed me into purchasing. Sometimes a sharp pang shot through me when I thought over our position, and I wished when we first set up that I had had sufficient sense to persuade Henry to do so more in accordance with our income than we had done; but it was too late now; we must

trust to some good fortune turning up. Henry had hopes that his partners meant to promote him; and if they were realized, we should be much better off. This idea was buoying us both up, and we were feeling particularly sanguine when Mr. Trevor, the senior partner, a peculiar man, who never almost left his own house in Bedford Square, except for the office, announced his intention of coming to Amberley Villa to dine, if we would have him. In our anxiety to impress him favorably, we launched out into further expenses. He must be handsomely entertained, so much might depend upon his visit. Accordingly, I arranged a most *récherché* little dinner, and had the table laid out *à la Russe* to my entire satisfaction; when everything was completed, surveying the preparations with the utmost confidence in Mr. Trevor's verdict. But alas! for Henry's hopes and for my dinner. Mr. Trevor came, partook very sparingly and silently of our hospitality, and departed without having dropped one syllable on the subject which we were so hoping he would discuss.

Some ten days afterwards, the advance in the business was bestowed upon one of Henry's juniors who had never dreamt of getting it. We were terribly disappointed, having counted so surely upon an addition to our means; and when our wrathful feelings were at their height, who should suddenly walk in but Uncle Jocelyn! He had never been in our house since we were married. It was in fact a great event for him to leave Conington, but the freak had seized him. He wanted to see his old favorite and his new grand-niece, so he had come. He only meant to stay for the day; in the evening he intended to return home. In my inmost heart I was as fond of him as ever; but his visit was ill-timed. I could not rally from my disappointment for Henry, and our cares were now assuming too serious an aspect to be easily set aside.

"You have a beautiful little house, Kate," he said. "I had no notion Henry was such a rich man."

"Haden't you, uncle?" I said, trying to laugh unconstrainedly.

"I am truly pleased to see you so comfortable," continued Uncle Jocelyn, kindly. "This room must have cost you a pretty penny, Kate; and I dare say you have a nest-egg somewhere as well."

"Oh, it isn't very much," I answered, really referring to the room, but as he thought to the nest-egg; and imagining I meant that the latter, though of small proportions, did exist, he responded most cordially:

"Doesn't matter how small, Kate; there's plenty of time to make it larger."

It was no use undeceiving him, though at that very moment an ominous envelope was delivered to me with the announcement that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer; to which I returned the usual formula, that Mr. Arden was out, but would call in a day or two. I tried to look as indifferent as possible; but I felt Uncle Jocelyn's eyes were upon me, and my face colored painfully, nor did my confusion escape the kind scrutiny. I felt thoroughly convinced he had drawn his own conclusions. Soon afterwards, lunch was announced, and we descended to the dining-room, where Sophy, my parlor-maid, had, to my horror, arranged some of our best china on the table, with the best intentions I knew, meaning to impress my visitor with our grandeur, but little imagining the real effect such superfluities would have upon my uncle. He noticed it directly, and admired it very much.

"Where did you get that figure?" he asked, indicating a lovely china centre-piece.

"I am not quite certain," I replied, carelessly; "we have had it for some time."

"Was it very expensive?" pursued Uncle Jocelyn. "Oh, no; not very; at least I didn't think so," I answered, recollecting with a painful throbbing that it certainly had not cost us much as yet, considering we had not paid for it.

I need not give all the details of Uncle Jocelyn's visit; suffice it to say that it was one long martyrdom that afternoon to me; and it was a positive relief when his kind old face vanished, and I found myself alone once more. He had gone away no doubt thinking our lines were in very pleasant places, feeling assured not only of our prosperity but of our happiness. Poor deceived Uncle Jocelyn! He little knew that I was just longing to throw myself into his arms and make a clean breast of all our extravagance and consequent troubles. How I envied him going back to quiet peaceful Conington! How I wished Henry and I were just one-half as happy as he was!

However, our struggle then was just beginning, for we sank deeper and deeper. It was like a quicksand—the more we struggled the deeper we got. We dared not openly retrench—we lacked the moral courage; and our private attempts were the merest drops in the ocean of that mighty sea into which we had drifted, simply and solely because we had at the outset ignored the golden rule, so impressed upon me by Uncle Jocelyn, to live within our means, and to pay ready-money. And what had all our extravagance done for us? We had a large visiting-list, and I periodically paid a host of visits, always hoping to find my friends from home. We had a pretty house, and were able to entertain as elegantly as our neighbors. I had heaps of fashionable dresses and useless finery, and Henry was as perfect as ever in my eyes; but we were both miserable; debt stared us in the face whichever way we turned; and how long we could keep our creditors at bay was beginning to be a source of considerable anxiety to us.

Henry's position in his business depended solely upon the pleasure of the senior partners. There were curious conditions in their agreement with him; that if they heard of his embarrassments, no doubt it would injure him greatly, and might make them consider themselves justified in perhaps something far more serious than a remonstrance. Oh, that we had acted differently! that the past could be lived over again with our present experience!

Once or twice I thought of confiding our woes to my mother; but I dared not; intuitively I knew that although in his prosperity Henry was a great favorite with her, she would regard him very differently if misfortunes came; and I felt I could bear anything rather than hear him blamed; especially as, in my inmost heart I knew I was equally, if not actually more to blame than he was; for now I saw clearly how true it was what Uncle Jocelyn said, that a wife can make or mar her husband. If I had quietly set to work at the outset, and advised him right, all would have been well; but now every day brought some hateful dun or threatening letter. A ring at the bell would cause me to start; and the sound of a man's voice in the hall parleying with Sophy was enough to make me tremble all over.

"The crash could not be staved off for long; a crisis must shortly come." So said Henry one lovely June evening, when we were sitting disconsolately discussing all manner of wild impossible schemes. It was an exquisite night; the heat of the day was over; not a breath of wind stirred the

delicate blossoms of the plants which adorned our balcony, and the moon was rising in all her liquid loveliness, casting a clear, cool light over the scene. Everything looked calm and quiet and peaceful; the pulses of the great city were hushed; there was nothing to break the silence, except poor Henry's hopeless tones repeating, "A crisis can't be far off, Kate. What we are to do, I know not!"

We fancied the amazement of our friends—the nine days' wonder our misfortune would cause, little dreaming that our ending had long been confidently predicted by them, and that our hospitality had been roundly censured and condemned by the very partakers of it. Still less did we imagine that Mr. Trevor, so far from being favorably impressed with our surroundings, had gone away—fully aware as he was with the exact amount of Henry's income—shocked and sorry to see that Henry Arden had married a wife with so little sense and judgment; and no second glance from his keen eyes was wanting to prove to him how terribly beyond it we were living. His observations had satisfied him that serious embarrassments must ensue; consequently he and his partners had bestowed the desired post and increased emoluments upon one who, if he needed it less than we did, certainly understood its value better.

So no one except my mother and Uncle Jocelyn would be surprised, though we imagined so differently, as we sat on and on in our pretty drawing-room talking over the weary subject and pondering what we could possibly do. We should have to sell off everything, to leave Amberley Villa, and to begin life over again. Henry's prospects, of course, would be seriously damaged, and we could never hope to thoroughly regain the position our own folly had deprived us of. It was not pleasant to think of; but there could be no shuffling out of the question now; it must be met and answered immediately. What were we to do? Nothing very definite could be arrived at; but one thing was quite clear—the change could not be far off.

I can never describe the anxiety of the days that followed, nor tell the agony it cost me to write and tell my mother that we were hopelessly, desperately involved, and that our difficulties were so great, it was impossible for us to ever surmount them. What would she say? What would everybody say? Worst of all, what would Uncle Jocelyn say? For the worst had come to the worst—our house was our own no longer; a man—strange and to me most terrible—was comfortably making himself at home in our kitchen—in other words, had taken possession! How could Henry show his face at the office! How could I ever venture out again!

I shall never forget the two days that followed after I wrote and told my mother; on the third, when I was almost stupefied with the magnitude of our misfortune, and during Henry's (poor Henry certainly had the hardest part to bear, for he could not stay quietly at home) absence had shut myself up in my room, some one knocked at the door, and in answer to my very subdued "Come in," it was gently opened, and not Sophy, as I had anticipated, appeared, but the familiar, friendly face of Uncle Jocelyn.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed; "my little Kate!"—and he folded me in his arms with all the tenderness of a father. "I only heard of it all this morning," he said, "and I started off immediately. Cheer up, Kate; don't grieve your old uncle by tears. Things can't be past mending; and I wouldn't be here if I hadn't come to help you."

And how he helped us! Without a word of anger or reproach, he listened to Henry's and my story; we told it truthfully, not sparing or attempting to justify ourselves for our culpable conduct; and when all was confessed, he simply wrote a check for the full amount of our liabilities. The total was a serious one; but we were saved not only from the disgrace but from Henry's dismissal from a partnership which afterwards was the means of our possessing a fortune far beyond what we had ever in our rosiest imaginings dreamed of.

By Uncle Jocelyn's advice we sub-let Amberley Villa, and retired to a more roomy house in a less expensive and less fashionable locality; we sold all our superfluities, which had become actually hateful to me, and we started once more with a small but certain income.

How much happier we were, and how grateful to Uncle Jocelyn, it would require a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. He often came to see us, and never had cause to regret the generous help he had so readily extended to us in our great need, for he saw how thoroughly repentant we were. My mother joined in the general rejoicing over our regained happiness; and out of gratitude, her old prejudice against Uncle Jocelyn faded and faded away.

She often goes to Conington now, where we all meet, a merry party, of which the generous old man is the well-beloved centre. He was giving me some gentle hints as to the training of my sons the other day. "For it's a mother's influence that tells upon the man, Kate; it's the lesson she teaches in childhood that he remembers best."

"Yes, Uncle Jocelyn," I answered; "I know you are right. I hope amongst the many things I desire to teach them, one especially mayn't be forgotten—you know what that is?"

"To fear God," replied Uncle Jocelyn, reverently. "That first of all," I answered; "but I meant something else."

"What?" queried Uncle Jocelyn.

"Never to buy what they can't afford, and always to pay ready-money."

Here ends a true story, which it would be well if young folks about to marry would lay to heart. Commencing married life with the best intentions to be frugal—to "creep before they gang"—how often do we hear of troublous times for the young pair who ought to know naught but happiness. With a heedless disregard to future consequences, they but too frequently establish an appearance as showy as their richer neighbors, launching (perhaps unwittingly) into extravagance that may cost them years of misery to redeem. Though in the case above narrated a young couple were saved from ruin by the intervention of a relative, such convenient folks are not always at one's elbow; and even if they were, should be left out of consideration. A thousand times better to begin "house-keeping" with a show modest in proportion to means; to furnish it need be, gradually; and from time to time add what can be reasonably afforded. Then indeed the husband will secure not only the respect of his employer, but his own; and his young and happy partner need not give herself much uneasiness about what it will cost to clothe baby.

From a block of marble weighing two tons, an eagle measuring six feet between the tips of its outspread wings is now being cut for the Grand Army Monument, which stands at Reading, Pa.

The skeleton of the United States ship *California*, built eight years ago at a cost of \$1,000,000, lies out at Hunter's Point, South San Francisco. The wreckers are gradually tearing it to pieces.

THE KING OF THE CONJURERS; Or, ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF ABD-EL-KADER.

SYNOPSIS.

A young fellow, elegantly dressed, one bleak night in March, was about to plunge into the Seine to seek forgetfulness. Muttering the name of Louise, and with some theatrical flourishes, lost for want of spectators, he had just gathered himself up for a spring, when a cry and a splash some distance up the stream fell simultaneously on his ear. Through the darkness he saw a heat, and two hands grasping wildly.

"Egad, he don't seem to like it!" muttered the young man on the bank. "I'll pull him out, and in doing so I shall discover whether I care to go any further myself."

He sprang boldly into the river, intent now, not upon drowning himself, but upon saving another. He was a good swimmer, and he knew the currents. A score of vigorous strokes brought him alongside the evidently sinking head.

It did not take long to land him. When he got him a little like himself, he taunted him with coming so far to commit suicide and then backing out.

"I did not think that drowning would be half so disagreeable."

"Is it very disagreeable, then?"

"Awful!"

And the speaker gave a spasmodic, eel-like wriggle, to give full effect to the word.

"Hang it! it's as bad as all that I sha'n't try it to-night; perhaps not at all—yes, very probably not at all. In fact, whilst I am about it, I'll say most decidedly not at all. What's your name, my friend?"

"I've two. My baptismal name is Bob Short, my adopted name is Nepomuck."

He proved to be the sprit of Houdin, King of the Conjurors, and as that worthy refused to take him on a tour to Africa, he was going to put an end to his life.

The other was Louis Teutrice, page in the imperial household, desperate because his lady-love had rejected him as he had never seen service in the army.

Nepomuck, bound to see Africa, declared his intention of enlisting in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, soon to start for Algiers. Teutrice at once jumped at the idea, and vowed that he would do the same.

A strong friendship was at once formed between the two would-be suicides, who determined to live and make the best of life.

Houdin was to give a proof of his skill before the Emperor before going to Algiers, where he was to destroy the power of the Marabouts by exposing their pretendedly miraculous acts, and out-doing them.

Teutrice introduced Shorty into the palace to witness the performance.

Houdin astounded the audience by a series of very clever tricks.

The Emperor, with an amused smile, read the contents of each card and piece of paper that had been handed to him, and then crumpling them up in the palm of his hand, said:

"I choose the strangest and the most distant place of all those named—the bottom of the water-cistern at the morgue. Come, Monsieur Houdin, I have given you a puzzle, I think."

"Your majesty is aware that the gates of the morgue are shut at dusk and guarded by gendarmes, who admit no one unacquainted with watchword and countersign?" said Houdin.

"Of course I am, and therein, I think, will lie your chief difficulty, Monsieur Houdin?"

"Yes, sire; indeed you are right. Not knowing watchword or countersign, I shall have to ask your majesty to send some one to bring back the handkerchiefs."

"Bring them back? Surely they have to go first?"

"They have already gone, your majesty. At this instant the nine handkerchiefs lie locked up inside a rusty iron coffer at the bottom of the water-cistern at the morgue."

"Why, three minutes ago I saw them lying on that mother-of-pearl table, and the morgue is three miles distant," said the emperor.

"Your majesty is right, but to a conjurer time and space are immaterial," answered Houdin.

"Very well, we will see," said the emperor, gravely.

He beckoned to his aide a brilliantly-attired aide-de-camp, and commanded him to hurry with all speed to the morgue and order the gendarmes on duty to search the cistern for the iron coffer, and if they found it there to return with it at once to the theatre.

The aide-de-camp hurried away, and the conjurer performed a multitude of other tricks with the object of passing the time pleasantly until his return.

Nearly an hour passed, and then the officer re-entered the theatre, carrying something in his right hand.

He made his way to the emperor's chair, and presented him a rusty iron coffer.

The Emperor looked surprised. Every head was craned forward to catch a peep of what it contained.

The Emperor essayed to open the box.

But he could not, for it was securely locked.

"Your majesty will find in your left waistcoat-pocket the key belonging to this casket," said Houdin, calmly.

Napoleon felt in the pocket mentioned. Sure enough, there was the key. He drew it forth, and looked at it. 'Twas a quaint, old-fashioned-looking concern. He placed it in the lock; it fitted exactly, and the box was opened without difficulty.

The first object that presented itself was an old, withered piece of vellum, whereon was written in faded ink the following:

"THIS DAY, THE 20TH MARCH, 1789,

"This iron box, containing nine handkerchiefs, was placed at the bottom of the leaden water-cistern at the Morgue in Paris, by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic which will be executed on the same day and hour seventy years hence, at the palace of the Tuileries, before Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, his Empress and their son."

"This is very extraordinary," said the Emperor. "The parchment is old and musty, and the ink has turned yellow with time and damp; the document is, indeed, scarcely decipherable. Ah, what have we here?" he continued, taking out of the coffer a packet tied with floss silk, and sealed with a great blotch of dull red wax. "Why, I vow, it has Cagliostro's seal upon it."

"Your Majesty is right," answered the conjurer, with a shrug of the shoulder. "Any servant or antiquarian in Paris will vouch for the genuineness of the seal, which has not been removed from beneath its glass-case in the Museum in the Rue de Rivoli

since the death of the illustrious count, its owner, in the year 1793. If your Majesty will break the seal, and open the packet, you will find therein the nine handkerchiefs I borrowed from members of this illustrious assembly an hour or so ago."

"Surely you joke," exclaimed the Emperor.

"On the contrary, I was never more in earnest, sire," answered the conjurer.

The Emperor tore open the packet, and took up the nine handkerchiefs, one by one.

They were immediately identified by their respective owners, to whom they were at once returned.

Astonishment could no further go.

Houdin tendered his thanks for the honor done him, and concluded his entertainment by showering bouquets of superb artificial flowers, delicately perfumed, over his and once, out of a small gilded cornucopia that seemed scarcely large enough to contain one of them.

The brilliant assemblage then dispersed, the Emperor and Empress first quitting the theatre, and the Court slowly following.

"Well, your late master is a wonderful fellow, and no mistake; and I'm longing to see how he'll astonish the Arabs," said Louis Teutrice to Bob Short, whilst they were changing their dresses preparatory to proceeding to the recruiting station.

"He's not only a wonderful fellow, he's a kind-hearted one as well," replied Bob. "Why, I was a barefooted youngster, turning cart-wheels for coppers in the London streets, when he first took me by the hand. My faith! I'll never forget what he has done for me—no, not to the day of my death."

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT IN THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

IT is evening in Algiers. At the foot of the gray city, the tideless waves of the Mediterranean glitter in the light of the setting sun, as the blood-red luminary sinks behind the distant Kabyle mountains in a perfect blaze of violet, opal, and crimson.

The palm-trees and the green-sea pines rustle their leaves to the cool evening breeze that has just sprung up, and the French tri-color, that throughout the long, sultry day has hung listlessly around its eagle-topped staff, which rises from the round tower of the citadel, now unfolds itself and flutters into new life.

The myriad flowers that deck the parterres and the hanging gardens begin to give forth their richest fragrance, and a golden haze lends a strange beauty to the scene, which rapidly becomes animated, as the silent city awakes to renewed bustle and activity.

Simultaneous with the firing of the sunset-gun from the flag-ship in the harbor, the band of the Chasseurs d'Afrique begin to discourse sweet music in the Place du Gouvernement; and that magnificent square is soon filled with a strange and motley throng, composed of French ladies in the most costly of Parisian dresses; Arab women clad in haick and serroual; staff and line officers; sous-officiers; soldiers of every regiment quartered in Algiers, from dashing Chasseurs a cheval, all ablaze with scarlet and gold, and swaggering Zouaves, who own themselves second to none in love, war, and wine, down to turbaned Turcos, Spahis, and Soudans, the latter with visages as black and shining as well-polished boots; stately Arabs in white burnous, and jewel-lit cangars thrust in their voluminous sashes; mule-drivers, marabouts, vendors of fruit and flowers, lemonade-sellers, and in fact almost every possible representative of French and Algerine life that the imagination can conceive.

Two forms in that miscellaneous assemblage are by no means strangers to us, although it would be hard to trace any similarity between their present appearance and that which they presented when we looked upon them last.

Yet, nevertheless, they are Louis Teutrice and Bob Short.

They are dressed in the dashing uniform of Chasseurs d'Afrique—light shell jackets of bright blue, barred across the chest with silver lace, voluminous scarlet trousers, jaunty little scarlet and silver-laced caps, cocked very much on one side, and very long swords and spur.

They had taken very kindly to the service, and the service in return, has in three weeks made men of them, squared their shoulders, straightened their forms, bronzed their cheeks, sharpened their appetites, and given them a supreme contempt for *piou piou* (infantry), and an extreme affection for *brûles queues* (short black pipes) and African tobacco.

They are smoking now, as they walk arm-in-arm through the glittering crowd, surveying its component parts with great interest as they pass along.

"Egad, we shouldn't have been here had we drowned ourselves the night we first met!" said Louis Teutrice, at length.

Bob Short immediately assented to the truth of this philosophic remark.

"Do you know, I think fellows who try to put an end to their own lives, even setting aside the wickedness of the thing, are very great fools for their pains!" continued Louis.

Bob nodded an emphatic assent to this.

"Particularly!" said Louis Teutrice, "as it is so easy to enter upon a new life without disposing of the old one. Here we are now in Algiers—what a delightful place it is! I declare I am quite enamored of everything in it; and, more than all things, with our pretty little vivandière, Bijou Blondine. Isn't she pretty and piquant?"

"She is both; but what of a certain Mademoiselle Louise?"

"Louise? Ah, true! But then, you see, Louise belongs to the old life, and we have begun a new one."

"Yes, yes. But, in your case, I thought you began the new life on purpose to make yourself more worthy of the young lady whose love for the military is so great."

"Ah, so I did! but calm reflection has convinced me that the young lady in question would not deign to smile even upon a soldier under the rank of colonel; and as she stands a very fair chance of being old and wrinkled before I attain that rank, why, I had better forget her."

"Well, you are turning philosopher, at any rate; I was never in love, so I don't know the feeling; but my affection for my old master is as intense as ever. I wonder where he can be lingering? He should have arrived in Algiers before now. He was expected a week ago."

"Oh, he will turn up all right, never fear; but it is not so sure that we shall be in Algiers when he arrives. I heard a rumor in barracks to-day that a Kabyle tribe had revolted, and that we were to be sent into the interior to bring them into subjection again."

"Well, I confess I should like a little fighting, for a change!" said Bob.

"Ah, so would I. All play and no work is very nearly as tiring as all work and no play. But, come; let us take a stroll through the town."

Bob Short readily assented to this proposition, and away they went, still puffing vigorously at their *brûles queues*.

The gas-lamps were by this time all lighted, for twilight is very short in Algeria, day changing into night in less than a quarter of an hour.

The cafés were all ablaze with light, and the mingled sounds of music, dancing, singing, laughter, and conversation escaped through the swinging plate-glass doors into the street, whilst at the same instant rang shrilly forth from the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque close at hand the Muezzin's cry to prayer. Then came the rattle of drums and the warble of bugles, as tattoo was sounded down each street, the blare of the cavalry trumpets quickly drowning the softer and more musical tones of the keyed instruments.

"Come into the Café Grec, and have a glass of absinthe and a game of dominoes?" said Louis Teutrice.

"Rather let us take a stroll by the sea. Absinthe and the close atmosphere of a gas-lit café won't strengthen our nerves nor develop our muscles for the Kabyle campaign," rejoined Bob Short.

"As you will," replied Louis Teutrice with a shrug of the shoulders. "Most chasseurs drink absinthe and play dominoes in the cafés, and yet fight well when it's required of them."

"Their fighting well, despite these dissipation, does not prove that they would not fight better without them," answered Bob Short. "However, if your heart is set on absinthe and dominoes, there can be no great harm in indulging once in a while."

"No, no; I'll take your advice, comrade; we will have a stroll on the shore," said Louis Teutrice. "We are young, and yet have to hold our own with bearded men inured to the climate. *Sac a papier!* We must not be such fools as to play ducks and drakes with our constitutions and our strength."

They turned away from the line of white boulevards and gas-lit cafés and casinos, and strolled arm-in-arm down the Rue Bab al Oued toward the Moorish portion of the city that overhung the sea.

They had not gone far down the winding ancient streets, the upper stories of whose houses nearly met overhead, when they were startled by the clash of arms and the clamor of many voices in loud and angry tones.

"Ah, there is some fun going on—let us hasten," cried Louis.

The young chasseurs thereupon ran in the direction of the sounds, and presently a strange scene met their gaze.

A tall, noble-looking, and richly-habited Arab was defending himself with his crooked scimitar against no less than seven lantern-jawed, wolf-eyed Bedouins, one and all of whom were striving to pass his guard and sheath their cangiar blades in his heart.

"We must draw and strike in," said Louis Teutrice; "that Arab's red burnous symbolizes the submission of his tribe to French rule. See, the Cross of the Legion sparkles on his breast. Come, Bob, there is no time to be lost."

"All right, my boy, I'm with you," was the ready response, and side by side they rushed to the rescue.

The Bedouins saw them coming, and half their number faced round; but their cangiar, albeit two feet long in the blade, and sharp as razors, were no match for the cavalry sabres that were now opposed to them.

Louis Teutrice cut one fellow down, and ran another through the body, and Bob Short slew two more in exactly the same manner.

The others, seeing this, fled, one minus an arm, that the Arab chief's keen scimitar had lopped off close up to the shoulder.

"I thank you for your gallant rescue, gentlemen," he said, in very excellent French, as he sheathed his weapon and extended his hand. "Had you not come up when you did I should have fared badly, for I am under a solemn vow to the prophet not to take life for a year, a month, a week, and a day."

"What, not in self-defense?" exclaimed Louis. "Not even in self-defense," answered the Arab, with a smile, "therefore I plainly owe you my life. I am the Aga Ali-Ben-el-Hadji-Moussa, and I shall never forget this rescue. Accept as slight tokens of my gratitude these two rings; their intrinsic value is as nothing compared to the service they may one day render you in another way."

The Arab drew from the third finger of his right hand two rings, exactly similar, being plain hoops of gold set with brilliants, and gave one to Louis Teutrice and one to Bob Short.

Scarcely had they accepted them and placed them on their own fingers when an uproar in the distance, consisting of hoots, yells, and the clattering of weapons, gave warning that the three runaway Bedouins were returning with numerous reinforcements.

"We must not linger here," said Louis Teutrice, addressing the Aga. "Let us make our way back to the French quarter, whither these outthroat thieves will not dare to follow us."

"A wise proposition, my son," replied the Arab chief. "We will do as you advise."

They hurried along, and not until they reached the Bab Azoun Theatre did they venture to slacken their speed.

Here the Aga bade them a hasty good-night, saying that he could not elude his foes better than by going in and witnessing the performance.

Louis and Bob watched him enter, and then strolled in the direction of their barracks.

"He's a fine sample of an Oriental," observed the sprit, alluding to the Arab chief who had just left them.

"Yes, and rare good fortune led us to his rescue to-night. Had he been slain France would have lost a strong ally—his followers number a thousand spearmen," said Louis Teutrice.

"Ah! you know him, then?"

"By report—I never saw him until to-night."

"What a strange vow that is of his, not to kill any one for a year, a month, a week, and a day!" said Bob.

"Yes, and I've heard something about that, too. It seems that in a moment of passion he slew his own son, and his remorse and a desire to propitiate the prophet induced him to take the strange oath, but the time is very nearly up now, or my informant must be all at sea in his dates."

"And who was your informant?"

"Viscount Chateaufleur, of ours."

"Is that the tall aristocrat who smokes cigarettes and drinks champagne?"

"Yes, and a right good fellow he is when you only know him. He ruined himself at *carté*, it seems. Lost money and estates in one night, and then entered the army as a private soldier. Les

Chasseurs d'Afrique number many such men in the ranks."

Bob Short merely shrugged his shoulders. They might be very fine fellows, but he was very sorry, nevertheless, that his comrade Louis made a preference of such for his personal friends. Further conversation was, however, put a stop to by their arrival at their barrack gates.

CHAPTER V.

TO BOOT AND SADDLE.

"MARCHING orders have come; the trumpets are sounding to boot and saddle. Unbutton your eyelids, friend, for we shall be on the march within a quarter of an hour!" cried Louis Teutrice, early on the following morning, accompanying his words with a vigorous shaking of Bob Short's shoulders as he stood by his bedside—for the ex-sprite was generally hard to waken.

"What is up?" exclaimed Bob, slowly raising himself into a sitting posture, and staring his comrade very hard in the face. "What are you flashing that lantern into my eyes for? It must want a good two hours to *revêler* yet."

"Right, my sluggard, yet for all that the ball has begun down there. Bon-Allem-Ben-Sherifa, the Bash-Aga of the D'jendel, is reported to be marching against us with five thousand spearmen."

"Ah, that is brave news!" cried Bob, springing out of bed as though under the influence of an electric shock; "and what are our movements, pray?"

"Oh, we are not going to be behindhand in politeness, I can assure you. We march forth to greet our uninvited visitors with a *fantasia*—with drum and fife."

Five minutes later the two young chasseurs were in the saddle, and galloping toward the parade-ground, a vast sandy plain between the Casbah and Fort l'Empereur, where the regiments were forming, and infantry bugles and cavalry trumpets were blowing the "assembly."

There were the Zouaves in their wild Oriental garb, half mad with joy at the near approach of a scrimmage—tigers of Montmartre and the Quartier Latin, who loved blood as they loved wine, and who reveled in the thunder of the cannon, the flash of sword-blades, the shock of charging cavalry, and the swoop of their brazen eagles over a conquered field even more than in times of peace they were wont to revel in the wildest can-can of the Café de la Paix and the Elysian Fields.

There were men amongst them who had stormed the heights of Alma side by side with the English Guards, who had stood firm against thrice their number of giant Russians on the bloody field of Inkerman, and who had helped carry the grim Malakoff with a yell and a laugh and a song, stepping forward as gayly as though each man were going to his bridal instead of in all probability to his tomb.

Yes, true sons of Mars and of Venus were these Zouaves; yet Lord Raglan had called them lions at the battle of Alma—and well they deserved the name, for many of them possessed the lion's nobility of nature allied with his ferocity and his love of the combat.

Many of these brave fellows carried a kitten, a monkey, or a parrot upon the summit of their knapsacks—pets who loved them and whom they loved.

They would go into the fight together, and perhaps come out of it too; if not, the pranks of kitten or monkey would soothe and amuse their master's last moments, as with, perhaps, both legs carried away by a cannon-ball, or bleeding to death from some other wound, he would roll up and light his last cigarette, and supported by a broken tumbler, a cannon, a dead horse, or a small heap of fies, would smile and smoke until he died.

How wildly and shrilly the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive la France!" "Vive la gloire!" burst from their lips as they formed into their serried battalions! How the wildest of them brandished their sword-bayonets and flung their scarlet and white turbans aloft, half mad with the joy of coming slaughter and pillage!

On their right were the Turcos, somewhat similarly garbed, with faces black as ebony, and in equal good humor, though 'twas only expressed in grunts, in the rolling of their bloodshot eyes, the expansion into grins of their great red blubber lips, and the dancing of the muscles in their bare sinewy arms as they clutched their musket barrels with a grip of iron.

But how different was the appearance of the superb regiment of Chasseurs upon the Zouaves' left! How well every trooper amongst them sat his thoroughbred—not more thoroughbred, by-the-way, than many of their riders, as you could see by the aristocratic features and the small hands and feet that so many of them possessed.

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